





## ITALIAN WOMEN.

The Beauty of the Females of the  
Sunny Climate  
AND HOW THEY DEPORT THEMSELVES.

Queen Margherita—How She Spends Her  
Time—The Dancing Girls at the  
Hofburg—Other Notes.

Venice, August 20.—The most charming Italian woman I have ever met was the daughter of the principal titled personage and local grande of a little place which is beginning—just barely beginning—to be a summer resort in the Venetian Alps. I shall at once get rid of the reproach of drawing odious comparisons by saying that there are undoubtedly many others more charming, but I have not seen them. Such a waist! such a figure! such coloring! and such gracious winning manners! She was the kind of figure that could wear a jersey; do I make my meaning clear? And yet in every line and movement she was slenderness, suppleness, grace, youth, innocence. This combination of physical robustness, or roundness, with the other distinctive charms of early youth is more rare among American and English women than it ought to be. When it exists among foreign women it is apt to degenerate into daintiness and coarseness; so that when the type of exact perfection is found I am sure I do right to make a note of it.

The young countess was no product of village opportunities, no rustic prodigy who had outstripped her homely sisters. Rome and Turin gave her education, and



QUEEN MARGHERITA, OF ITALY.

court life will be her sphere of activity, if, indeed, she has not already begun it. The family came there because it was their ancestral home and hunting ground. Not at any earthly cost, however, of theirs existed; all had been swept away in the wars; nobody knows when; the delicious pine groves and Alpine pastures were as innocent of anything of that kind as if it had been the Rocky mountains. They were building a grand new one instead. They have been reduced to poverty during the American war, and some of them had even taken office under the hated oppressors of Venice to gain his bread. But his son, the present count; the father of this blooming young Hebe—have I forgotten to mention that she was born but not especially blonde, and had gloriified her name?—the father of that kind who have no share in such a mean-spirited subversiveness. In the inferior wisdom of his youth and ardent patriotism, he ran away from home, and took part in the revolutionary movements and the army of the king of Italy. His uncalculating bravado was well rewarded; for, besides military promotion at Turin, he was made the father of this high-bred young Hebe.

Would you know, by the way, how she became rich? It was an almost miraculous accident; ah, there are lucky people in the world after all. It was an American bearing. Her first husband manufactured cotton. Just before the outbreak of our civil war, his clerk, by an error in writing an English letter, ordered 10,000 bales of cotton instead of 1,000. There was an enormous rise in cotton almost at once, and the fortune was made.

She was an Italian woman that built the fine marble manor house with plenty of armorial shields carved upon it, as an Italian woman that was its pearl, its treasure, the rare ornament of the jewel-box. The count—I want to mention his name, but I don't see how I can, after ravaging over his winsome daughter—the count owned by her means everything to his rich wife. He early won her affections and wrote excellent plays. I have read one or two of them; they abound in sprightliness and humor, and hold the boards still.

But, more than this, he went into politics, and he is a thoroughly respected deputy of the anti-slavery party. His literary style is so polished that the one generally chosen in parliament to move an address to the throne and the like, which it is desired to have particularly smooth. He represents this, his mountain district, loads the natives of it with favors, and when he comes back to make his summer home among them, brother-in-law has also come an even finger more. The man and member of parliament, and he is building, too. These are the nucleus that is drawing some attention to a hitherto unheard-of little village and may in time make it a grateful refuge from the blazing heat of the Lombardy plain.

It was an amusing little place in several respects. The two houses, inns, composed of any idea of modern comfort, with cuisine consisting entirely of veal in its various forms, and even this served in a half-bedlam manner, still entertained a few distinguished guests. Upon these the pretty countess, principally to depend for her company. One old lady, wife of perhaps the leading general in the Italian army, went off with her husband presently to pay a visit to the royal family at Monza. Yet there was no evidence of discontent with the primitive accommodations; all was taken with a happy go-lucky ease or dignified apathy, as if it were either of no consequence or of no real complaint. She had a fine place down at Verona, and we were recommended to look at them. Well, those rooms were a little too much; they were positively—squidly and repulsive. If this be the character of Italian duchesses, or Italian women, improvement in certain respects will be very slow in coming.

On the same day, however, was given a very pretty evening fete. Garlands of greenery, attached to light poles and hung with lanterns, were fastened in a complete circle around a magnificent old tree. A long table beneath the tree glittered with the lights with all sorts of hand-knacks, prepared for a comedy of the hands of the young women of the house, and a great many prizes were given away from the boxes. You drew numbers and got absurd prizes. The young women laughed, romped and danced, always under the eye of their elders, and made the fete go in the pleasantest fashion.

They had, however, too, in a recent number of the *Journal* a very interesting article of symbols and also movements of hand, which is nothing but our guess of them again, only to describe the necessary

modifications would have been very different. We were at Timmazi's. Timmazi was a character, and if he had been the other character there would have described him for you. He was not worth while. He put in a bill of the kind that takes your breath away. Finding that the protest I made was determined, he at once wheeled round on my side. He called Mrs. Timmazi, who had made out the bill herself under his direction.

"There are altri prezzi—other prices—" he cried loudly. "It's all abusivo—mixed up. There are other prices. Do you understand?"

He turned upon me an indignant glance. "Great heavens, he seemed to say, "you don't suppose I ever meant to pay any such prices as those do you? One would have thought some unscrupulous got up and masterminded out the bill in spite of him." Timmazi repudiated it scornfully, and I had not more than a third of the amount to pay.

The bells used to ring with a simple infernal din—half an hour at a stretch and many times a day. There seemed to be a few or more who were going on, and others delighted in the din just as savages delight in the beating of their tom-toms. It could be heard for miles away in the secluded valleys, and the people there at least might know that something was going on.

I had just one redeeming feature, but that was very poor. The lovely young countess used to come to some of the services. Perhaps it was a slight distraction in the absence of many others. She used to pass with an undulating, goddess-like movement, as if she were a flower in rain. Sometimes she would walk with her father, again with a group of younger men, some clad in remarkable plaids, and one in Tyrolean feathers and leggings, but all a thousand miles a way from here, in old-world surroundings. It was the knot of prettiness, women taking leave under the radiance of the electric lights, at the Cafe Nazionale, on the Corso, in Rome, or at Florian's, in the Piazza San Marco, in Venice, or even along the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele in Verona. But don't be deceived; there is a good deal of hollowness in the smile of a woman of a certain class. Allways the same monotonous little commonplaces, the same post and position without budging all the evening, and the groups confined to the same few persons, mainly of the family. I doubt not a heavy sigh is heaved now and again by a feminine bosom for something more stirring and engrossing and some influx of fresh interest from the outside world.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

On the one hand there's \$300 in cash on the other, there's cut for you, there's the knot of prettiness, women taking leave under the radiance of the electric lights, at the Cafe Nazionale, on the Corso, in Rome, or at Florian's, in the Piazza San Marco, in Venice, or even along the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele in Verona. But don't be deceived; there is a good deal of hollowness in the smile of a woman of a certain class. Allways the same monotonous little commonplaces, the same post and position without budging all the evening, and the groups confined to the same few persons, mainly of the family. I doubt not a heavy sigh is heaved now and again by a feminine bosom for something more stirring and engrossing and some influx of fresh interest from the outside world.

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## SUSY;

## THE STORY OF A WAIF.

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE ARIZONA," "CROWN," "A FIRST FAMILY OF TAMARAWA" ETC.

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## CHAPTER VII

What other speech passed between Clarence and Peyton's retainers was not known, but not a word of the interview seemed to have been divulged by those present. It was generally believed and accepted that Judge Peyton made his decision by being thrown from his half-broken moustache, dragged at his heels, and medical opinion, hastily summoned from Santa Fe, after the body had been borne to the corral and stripped of its hideous encasings, declared that the neck had been broken, and death had followed instantaneously. An inquest was held.

Clarence had selected Mary to break the news to Mrs. Peyton, and the frightened young girl was too much struck with the chill authority of his manner to decline or even to fully appreciate the calamity that had overtaken them. After the first moment of shock, Mrs. Peyton had drawn into that strange exaltation of excitement brought on by the immediate necessity for action, followed by a pallid calm, which the average spectator too often误accepts as incongruous, inadequate or artificial. There had also occurred one of those strange compensations which wait a day or two upon a catastrophe such as the rude shaking down of an unsettled life, the foreboding realization of what were vague speculations, the breaking of old habits and traditions, and the unloosing of half-conscious bonds. Mrs. Peyton, without insensibility to her loss or dismay, to her affection, was too much struck to know that she was now really Susy's guardian, free to order her new life whenever and under what conditions she chose as most favorable to it, and that she could dispose of this house that was wearying to her when Susy was away, and which the girl herself had always found insupportable. She could settle this question of Clarence's relations to her, and put out her hand in either service or opposition. She had a brother in the east who would be summoned to take care of the property. This consideration for the living pursued her even while the dead man's presence still awoke the hushed house; it was in her thoughts as she stood beside his bier and adjusted the flowers on his breast which no longer moved for or against these vanities, and it stayed with her even in the solitude of her darkened room.

But if Mrs. Peyton was deficient, it was Susy who filled the popular idea of a mourner, and whose emotional attitude of a grief-stricken daughter left nothing to be desired. She was she, who when the house was filled with sympathizing friends from San Francisco, and the few neighbors who had hurried with condolence, was overflowing in her reminiscence of the dead man's goodness to her, and her own undying affection; who recalled ominous things that he had said and strange premonitions of her own the result of her ever present filial anxiety; in whom the who had hurried home that afternoon jolted with vague fears of some impending calamity; in whom the who drew a picture of Peyton as a doting and almost too indulgent parent, which Mary Rogers failed to recognize, and which brought back vividly to Clarence's recollections her old childish exaggerations of the Indian massacres. I am far from saying that these entire scenes were necessarily acting at these moments; at times she was taken by a mild hysteria brought on by the exciting intrusion of this real event in her monotonous life, by the attention of her friends, the importance of her suffering as an only child, and the advancing years of her position as the heiress of the Robles ranch. It was here, near the surface they were at least genuine, and filled her violet eyes and reddened her pretty eyelids quite as effectually as if they had swelled from the depths of her being. Her black frock lent a matured dignity to her figure and paled her delicate complexion, and the driver of suffering. Susy, Clarence was moved by the dark and haggard abstraction that had settled upon him since his strange outbreak over the body of his old friend.

The extent of that change had not been noticed by Mrs. Peyton, who had only observed that Clarence had treated her with a grave and silent respect. She was grateful for that; a repetition of his boyish impulsiveness would have been distasteful to her at such a moment; she only thought him more mature and more subdued and as the only man now in her household, his services had been invaluable in the emergency.

The funeral had taken place at Santa Fe, where the county gathered to pay their last respects to their former fellow citizens and neighbor, whose legal and combative victories they had admired, and whom death had lifted into a public character. The service was returned to the house the same afternoon. Mrs. Peyton and the girls of the carriage, the female servants in another and Clarence on horseback. They had reached the first plateau and Clarence was riding a little in advance when an extraordinary figure rising from the grain beyond began to reiterate to his wildly. Checking the driver of the first carriage, Susy had descended upon him. In his amazement, it was Jim Hooker. Mounted on a peaceful, unwieldy plow horse, he was nevertheless accoutred and armed after his most extravagant fashion; in addition to a heavy rifle across his saddle bow, he was weighted down with a knife and revolver. Clarence was in no mood for trifling and almost rudely demanded his horse.

"Clarence, it ain't foolin'. The 'sister's title' was decided yesterday." "I know it, you fool! It's your title! You were already on your land and in possession. What the devil are you doing here?"

"Yes—but," stammered Jim, "all the boys holding that title moved up here to make the division and grab all they could. And I followed. And I found out that they were going to grab Judge Peyton's house because it was on the line, if they could. And findin' you was away by Gord—they didn't know where to wear you. So I stopped, looked at Clarence, and said darkly around him and then down on his accoutrements. Even in that supreme moment of sincerity he could not resist the possibilities of the situation. "It's as much as my life's worth," he said gloomily. "But" with a dark glance at his weapon, "I'll sell it down the line."

"I'll sell it down the line," Clarence in a terrible voice, "you're not living again!"

"I'll sell it down the line," Jim hurriedly. "I swear it, Clarence! Not Honest Injin, this time! And look! I'll help you, but I don't expect you yet, and they think you'll come by the road. It's a valiant's work, but it was evidently not wanting in his usual dark, enigmatic exaggeration. The man surely opened the gate. "All the same," he said still glancing suspiciously at Hooker. "I don't see what he's got do with you."

The slight laugh that his speech had evoked from the bystanders was checked as the leader retorted: "That's all very well; but I do know that you're not a man to be trifled with." Jim stopped, looked at Clarence, and said darkly around him and then down on his accoutrements. Even in that supreme moment of sincerity he could not resist the possibilities of the situation. "It's as much as my life's worth," he said gloomily. "But" with a dark glance at his weapon, "I'll sell it down the line."

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a document from his pocket. "Here is the certificate, signed by the county clerk, of the bill of sale of the entire Sister's Title to me. It includes the whole two leagues from Fair Plains to the 'old boundary' line of this ranch, which you, forsooth, 'knew' is早晨. There is the document; examine it if you like. The only shadow of claim you could have to this property you would have to derive from me. The only excuse you have done this morning is only the assertion of my legal right to this house. If I disavow your act, as I might, I leave you as helpless as any animal. You were always tied from a tostopper, as any length of time you were collared on the fence by a constable."

It was the truth. There was no denying the authority of the document, the facts of the situation or its ultimate power and significance. There was consternation, stupification and even half humorous recognition of the novelty of the claim. Incongruous as the scene was, it was made still more grotesque by the attitude of Jim Hooker. Ruthlessly abandoning the party of convicted trespassers, he stalked gloomily over to the side of Clarence with the air of having been all the time scorefully in the secret and a man of wearied victories, and his hands were clasped behind his back. "The vine has loosened the bark," he said. "If it hasn't, we must squeeze through it," she returned simply.

At the end of the terrace Clarence mounted and helped them from the carriage. He then gave directions to the coachman to follow the road sloping to the corral in front of the house, and tied his horse behind the second carriage. Then, with Mrs. Peyton and the two girls, he plunged into the grain.

It was hot; it was dusty; their thin shoes slipped in the crumbling adobe, the great blinding sun in their faces. Mrs. Peyton's thoughts were in their minds when they uttered no comment. Whatever interior thought was in their minds they were bent on one thing at that moment—on entering the house at any hazard. Mrs. Peyton had lived long enough on the frontier to know the magic power of possession. Susy

had been surprised at the ease of familiarity of her reception of this forgotten companion of their childhood. But he was still more concerned in noticing, for the first time, a singular sympathetic understanding of each other, and an odd similarity of occasional action and expression between them. In a part of this most peculiar personality, that neither the sympathy nor the likes suggested any particular friendship or affinity in the pair, but rather a mutual antagonism and suspicion. Mrs. Peyton, coldly polite to Clarence's former companion, but condescendingly gracious to his present tenant and companion, did not notice it; preoccupied with the employments of her day.

Her frequent references to the old days of their democratic equality. "You don't seem to be a member, Jim, the time that you palmed my face in the wagon and got me up as an Indian papoose?" she said, mischievously.

But Jim, who had no desire to recall his previous unpalatable history before Mrs. Peyton, was only too glad to do so.

Clarence, who was only too glad to do so, was not so successful before Mrs. Peyton.

He was, however, a member before Mrs. Peyton, and she was not so successful before him.

Clarence, although joyfully tormented at this seeming evidence of Susy's loyalty to the past, nevertheless found himself even more acutely pained at the distress it caused Mrs. Peyton, and was as relieved as he was when he heard of Hooker's reticence. For he had seen little of Susy since Peyton's death, and she had not been before him since he had been a member before Mrs. Peyton.

He had been more than usually kind, gentle and protecting in his manner towards her, with little reference, however, to any response from her, yet he was not so successful before Mrs. Peyton.

As he stood beside his bier and adjusted the flowers on his breast,



She Stood Beside His Bier and Adjusted the Flowers on His Breast.

and rubbish and whatever the summer dust had incited, it was evident that he had lost the first shower, came upon a silver button from his calico which he had lost in the early summer. And it was only that morning that, remembering how much and with what care, Don Clarence had sought the missing boot from the foot of the Senior Peyton, had thought he would look for it in the folds of the second terrace. And behold, Mother of God! it was there. Soaked with mud and rain, but the same as when the senior was alive. To the very spur!

He drew the boot from beneath his ariado and laid it before Clarence. The young American was struck by the shabby condition and its air of grotesque and drunken inconsistency to the usually trim and correct appearance of the horse; the senior, however, had not tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. I write this that every mother with a baby like mine can be confident that there is a medicine that will cure the skin disease, and that medicine is the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

## Baby One Solid Sore

Tried Everything Without Relief—No Rest Night or Day—Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My baby, when two months old, had a break-out on the doctor called eczema. Her head, arms, feet and hands were each one a solid sore. I tried everything, but neither the doctors nor anything else would do any good. We could not sleep at night day or night with this sore. In my extremity I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and it has been a great success. I have no rest day or night with this sore. I believe my baby is now well. I have not tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. I write this that every mother with a baby like mine can be confident that there is a medicine that will cure the skin disease, and that medicine is the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

## Cuticura Remedies

Cures every humor of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, whether torpid, disengaged, itchy, burning, scaly, cracked, pimpy, or blisters with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood.

The hair simple scrofulous or hereditary, when the hair falls off, it grows again.

Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cure.

They are a blood purifiers, and have remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and may be used by the youngest infant with the most gratifying results.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, NO. 300, \$1.00. Price, CUTICURA, NO. 300, \$1.00. Prepared by the FORTIN CUTICURA COMPANY, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIM skin cured by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

## FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

To one minute the Cuticura Ant-Rain-Plaster relieves rheumatism, pain, hip, knee, chest, and muscular pains pains of rheumatism. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

WEAK TOE NAIL.

FATHER ABRAHAM.

WITH THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY FIVE OAKS.

WITH FORTY FIVE OAKS.

## DRESS ANALYZED.

What the Ladies of the French Capital Wear.

## AND HOW MATERIAL IS MADE UP.

Character of the Fashionable Bodices—Some of the Secrets of Design—How to Become a Critic of Your Dress.

Paris, August 19.—It is an easy matter to fill up the fashion column with such statements as that the Queen of Spades wore last week a mauve gown embroidered, or that the empress of Russia has ordered in Paris a garment of black banded over with yellow. The dressmakers do not object and the great personages do not know anything about it. Moreover such accounts when true have a personal interest. It is, however, permitted one to marvel at the size of the empress of Russia's wardrobe. If she possesses half the gowns ascribed to her the imperial palace surely cannot hold



LOW BODICE WITH LACE GUIPURE.

them all. The empress is a good ways off and not likely to make an explanation. These remarks are made anent an article I have just read in an American paper which not only describes numerous gowns ordered by the empress but also her emotions on receiving them. Is it not time to call a halt on this humbug that keeps dress as a newspaper subject in disrepute and makes reports upon it a synonym for reckless fakes? To the countless people waiting for accurate information such bush is an insult. Words are cheap but aesthetic and philosophic observation are left to the thinker. Individual descriptions can be used as illustrations to point facts and help the reader toward forming a judgment of current fashions, but when not so applied they are of no consequence to the subject of dress. But when they tell of hysterical efforts at novelty, they are actually misleading, for then they indicate not what is essential in fashion but what is exceptional only.

## To Judge of Fashions.

To grasp fashion one must be able to trace the accidental forms of dress back to the root from which they sprang to see whether the forms are consistent with the ruling impulse. Only thus is it possible to tell whether a novelty can be indulged in to the loss or increase of fashionable effect. I have, to illustrate, just seen a picture of a gown ascribed to a continental princess. The skirt has a deep wedge

cent student of mechanics to know how the gowns of the Empress Josephine and of Mine Recamier, as depicted by Prud'Hom were kept from falling off. It is a dressmaker's secret. The sleeves were short puffs; the belt, which was a feature, was directly under the bust, and the hips were not marked at all. Sometimes there was no belt, and the garment hung directly from the shoulders.

## Parisian Dress Today.

Today the fashionable Parisian dress fits closely to the figure. I do not mean by this that it is tight at the waist. It is not tight anywhere, but it feels its way over the surface like an outer cuticle. The hips are not emphasized; the bottom of the waist is not sharply defined, and the trimmings which for so long were arranged to carry the eyes down and make the waist look small, have disappeared. Care is taken not to disguise or conceal the surface by false lines or irrelevant trimmings. Of such irrelevant cuts, for example, are the garcon jacket, and of such misleading accessories are the feather box. These are seen sometimes, but they strike the eye as of foreign elements, not of French origin. The true Parisian dress follows the form easily, adding nothing to conceal its beauty and develops in it sensuousness to a certain degree.

## Heroin Lies a Secret.

For example, one observes that the lines of the French gown are all horizontal. There is reason in this. Lines which run up and down are ascetic. They suggest mental and moral ideas. The lines of Gothic architecture are vertical; are those of a priest's stole; so is the contour of one that sources thin self. Revers extending down the front of the waist tell only that an outer coat has been turned back; but the belt that clasps the waist asks the eye to linger there; the yoke reveals the shoulders, and these are far more interesting matters.

## Perilous Suggestions.

The yoke is a principal feature of the fashionable bodice. When a striped fabric is used, the stripes are made to run round in the yoke. The yoke is for the most part of great depth. This is one of its features. It is so low that it is suggestive of all that the bodices of Josephine's time displayed, and more. The effect produced is that of an extremely low gown worn over a guipure. The excess of this fashion is reached in the bodice that makes no pretense at all of going over the shoulders but passes under the arms and over the bust. A high guipure and sleeves of another material—often lace—are worn with this, as shown in an accompanying picture, so that it has no apparent support. There is presented in our drawing of Mlle. Darland of the Gymnase theater, the very best obtained model of this idea,



HORIZONTAL INSERTIONS.

which is a very popular one, and is seen in both day and evening gowns.

## The Pictures.

Illustrating the above observations are other drawings given here of characteristic Parisian dress of the moment. One, a gown seen in the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, is of pink muslin with horizontal insertions of cream guipure. Another shows the manner of treating striped fabrics in a yoke. Still another shows the back view of a deep yoke. This gown was of flowered muslin with the yoke of lace and ruffles of lace. The sleeve was gathered very full and lay in crimped its whole length. The belt and neck band were of cream satin. There is also shown a novel yoke, with the outline rising in the center. It is alike in back and front. Also a bodice folded surface fashion with a band of embroidered jet drooping round the bust.

The sleeve universally seen is a puff or two puffs with a close lower part. Sometimes the lower part is omitted, in which case the puff ends round the elbow and a wrinkling mousquetaire glove covers the lower arm. Our drawings show a variety of this sleeve.

## Conclusion and Inference.

From this casual survey it seems that the dress in vogue can refer itself easily in the matter of bodices to first empire

GOWN OF Mlle. DARLAND,  
Gymnase Theater.

cut out of one side, the the petticoat filling the space. Is it safe to take this gown for a model or is this triangle in the skirt only an ignorant dressmaker's eccentricity? To decide this it is necessary to see many fashionable dresses and analyze their common elements. One must ask whence in order to know whither.

## A Different Matter.

I confess myself, in the superficial look I have yet had of dress here, where fashion has its origin, willing to speak but with the utmost diffidence. In trying to separate what is stable in tendency from what is eccentric in particular garments it is easily to be mistaken. To know is nearly impossible; to guess is hardly safe, and confident assertion, more yet prophecy, may bring one to be caught and lead others astray. This dress is a difficult subject. He walks on ice who attempts it. I shall content myself today with pointing out what appear to be one or more sign marks lying on the surface.

## that the French say.

The French themselves find the present modes to be of first empire origin and prefer a still closer approach to the model. This is interesting. Let us see what luck we will have in tracing fashionable dress to the empire source. Whether we are successful or whether we are not we shall have learned by the attempt far more about fashions than can be got from any amount of reading of fictitious garments for the empress of Russia.

## First Empire Models.

To turn back one hundred years for a motif is not much. In that day, a century back, the mode had been resurrected from a long one thousand years. It was Greek, debased Greek. To realize what it was and how debased one should study the pictures of the period, particularly the portraits painted by Gerard and Prud'Hom. The work of the bodices at that time was perfectly low. It must have puzzled the brain of many an in-

genious student of mechanics to know how the gowns of the Empress Josephine and of Mine Recamier, as depicted by Prud'Hom were kept from falling off. It is a dressmaker's secret. The sleeves were short puffs; the belt, which was a feature, was directly under the bust, and the hips were not marked at all. Sometimes there was no belt, and the garment hung directly from the shoulders.

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Will be the fashion; we can vary the sleeve puffs and the shoulder straps, and we can do what we will with the belt; but we must not let our dressmaker give us flowing basques or any trimming that carries the eye down to a pointed waist; and we

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## A TALE OF FLUSHES.

Captain Andrew Walton, a River Man, Gives His Experience.

### BOWIE, THE DUELIST, IN THE GAME.

The Captain Had a King Up, but a Fighting Major Tried to Take the Pot for a Club—A Mississippi Game.

In one of the handsome private parlors of the Windsor hotel one evening the past week sat three men, says The New York Recorder. There was nothing remarkable about two of them. One was a Kentuckian, who had been in business some years in New York. The other was a reporter. But the third of the party was a remarkable man. His silvered temples, the deep lines of his visage, a luxuriant snowy beard, the measured cadences of a trembling voice, all denoted age. They may not have denoted his full age, for he is well preserved. He has passed into that stage of severity, always beautiful in the aged, when years cease to make new traces. This man at ninety-four had scarcely more than begun to show the signs of decadence.

It was Captain Andrew Walton, the oldest living steamboatman of America. He was once famous on western waters. He served on one of the earliest steamboats that floated from St. Louis to New Orleans, saw the growth of water transportation on western rivers from keelboat to packet, from packet to barge.

For sixty years he trod hurricane decks as a commander. His boats have rolled aside the waters of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Tennessee, the Cumberland. River towns from Pittsburgh to the gulf, to the headwaters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Red are as familiar to him as the Missouri farm on which he was born.

Grave, sententious, forceful, a beautiful old man is he, and a beautiful old age it is he leads. Shaggy brows, snow-white and mobile, hang oddly over eyes blue as heaven, which gleam with the fire of consuming age; the bronze and tan of his face speak of the veteran who has braved the elements and known hardknocking; large of stature, still shapely, facilities in the lace of frills of fifty and a hundred years ago, freighted with reminiscence, a kindly humor pilot, the forces of a great manhood his power, he glides in the channel of other days and charms by his narrative, his dignity, his wisdom.

Of course everybody thinks of gambling in connection with the old steamboat days, and it wasn't long before the captain got around to that subject.

"I yield to no man first place in a knowledge of the game of poker," said the captain, who spoke in a voice grave, forceful, trained to command, but yet a little trembling, "and yet I have sat into just one game at poker, for either fun or profit, in my life."

Learned poker in one lesson! The listeners opened their eyes.

"In my young days I was a mud-clerk," continued the captain. "That was the way I began steamboat life. A mud-clerk? Never heard of that before? Well, well; big world this, of a verity! In those times the office outfit was two clerks and a cub. After freshets, soft mud, lollopy we called it, settled along the banks! It was ankle deep, sometimes half knee deep. Freight must be landed above soft mud, otherwise it will be damaged, or slide into the water. As it goes to the consignments it must be checked off. This is usually the cub's job, cesteining, and if it's raining or a stormy night. In that way the cub becomes known as the mud-clerk, and he is well named. I had four years of it, and when I talk mud-clerk to you, possibly I don't know what I'm talking about."

Here the venerable boatman looked through his brows at each of his listeners, rubbed his palms together and laughed. Then he went on:

"Duty was cut up into watches, six hours on, six off. Mine was first watch, sunup till noon, from 6 till midnight. I slept afternoons. Those times five hours did me, but to my cost, as compared with the six hours we have now in my berth, but it didn't. It commonly saw me behind a chair of a gambler, watching poker. They played a stiff game, as a rule, and the professional travelers were the best players the country had."

"I watched their play for months, years; learned their games, their rules of safety, their methods of trade. The different decks had such a difference of rules. I had the game with dices to sixes out, had its rules, with seven other rules, with eight discarded still others; and not seldom the desperate twenty-card game held the board—the game that destroys self-control, the power to deceive by the looks, things vital to good play. All this I learned about."

"But I never played. My captain allowed no member of the crew to touch a card, and I obeyed. Passengers played as much as they liked, but always among themselves. The game had a strange fascination. Had I broke over, I should certainly have become a confirmed gambler. Fortunate for me it was I had such restraint."

"But you did play once," the newspaper fellow put in.

"Yes," the captain said, "I did play once. It was years afterward. I was then a passenger on the Mississippi steamer. It was an all-night sitting in the Texas—the little cabin on the hurricane deck, the crew and the gamblers. In those days the state-room was named after the states of the Union. This boat I'm speaking of was the first to carry a 'Texas.' It was in the fall of 1845, and Texas was almost into the union so when we built the new cabin we gave it the name of the coming state, and it stuck."

"Then I sat into the only poker game that I ever played. It was a small company as ever I sat with. One of the party, the famous knife duelist, Colonel Bowie, of Mississippi. Another was a Pennsylvania major, who lost a leg in the Indian wars under Tippicanoe Harrison. I mention this gentleman especially. He was a nervous man, who did not carry well. By the eighth night he had lost all his money, and was a little ill-natured. It was just breaking down. The major had stood in the deal; as you say now, he stood 'pat.' The rest of us made our discards, and all but the major and myself dropped out. I drew one card, and it was the right spot."

"The betting began. There was soon a big pile of silver on the board, and the bank had been thrown out fairly. It was a game of one and raise, fifteen or eighteen times, back and forth. It was an exciting session. Twenty people looked on breathless, spell-bound. Such a moment is a great moment. All the sensations are played upon. The blood leaps. Your nerve is up. You are well up to a fit. But now the spell is broken. The major was a show-down. With a confident smile he lays down his hand. It is a pretty semicircle of hearts; a queen flush. 'Sorry, captain,' he said; 'it's a pity.' 'Yes, major,' I said; 'it's a pity, and I laid out another semicircle, not so pretty, club all, a flush, with king up. It was a pity, truly. The major was a couple of hours away. He would be soon seen him, sure about. Then he was worth five thousand. He had bet his heart on it. He lost his head. He was angry with me, because a king flush was superior to a queen flush in the royal game of poker."

"In his passion he attacked, across table. A heavy hickory staff was his weapon. But after some good fun enough, he stopped. Though I was surprised, I was inwardly gave me trouble. It was very difficult to explain myself, clear where I most needed it. The story came out in the press and found its way to St. Louis. It reached a family where I was a good deal interested. I was well nigh ruined by the notoriety. I made peace by agreeing never to touch a card again. I made the same offer to the major, and he accepted. And now, and now, I never handled pasteboard since, and advise all young men to let it alone. I think this same woman will justify the confidence she then reposed in me, but she is here to speak for herself."

"Elizabeth," said the captain, half smiling,

and there appeared in the doorway leading to a chamber adjacent a graceful woman, tall and stately, aged, but beautiful still, and richly attired. She said sweetly:

"Well?"

"I thought, my dear, it might be pleasant if you should meet these young gentlemen who have called to talk with me. I have been told of their card incident, and especially of its sequel."

"Ah, the sequel," the lady replied, archly, "you will part in associating me with that game of cards."

"No, no, I associate you with my never playing another."

After enjoying soft breezes a month the captain and his wife will return to his big farm at Red House.

### DANGER AHEAD.

Our Labor Troubles May Result in Centralization.

From The Christian Index.

The growing magnitude of what are called "labor troubles" and the frequency of their occurrence, is making it necessary to keep a strong military force, ready and well equipped for active duty to move it any hour.

The state authorities are bringing the militia into more regular army shape, consolidating companies into regiments, regiments into brigades, establishing camps of instruction, unifying the whole, and enforcing stricter discipline. The old militia and volunteer company system is vanishing, and regular army methods are fast taking its place.

United States army officers are being detailed to drill state troops, and to bring them as far as possible to the standard of regular army tactics and discipline.

Here is the seemingly harmless link that, if kept up, will soon bind state and United States troops into a common army and which will hold them subject to the command and control of United States army officers.

The cause of most of these troubles and of the dangers that threaten our liberties is to be found mainly in class legislation. Laws made to foster and protect "industries" while they are infants, cause them to grow into mighty giants that grind and oppress those in their power until subversion is no longer tolerable. The multitudes of toilers organize and demand relief, and, if not granted, work cease, violence follows, and then the protection of an armed force is called for and furnished by the government, and the worker is forced to submit under the presence of bullets and bayonets. A standing army, the menace to liberty, is in sight.

### HOW A COOL HEAD

Averted a Panic and Saved a Great Number of Lives.

At one time Ben Butler, then living in Lowell, was chairman of a meeting held in the town hall, says The Albany Times-Union. Rufus Choate, the great orator and jurist, was present, and the audience numbered 1,000, packed in, with many thousand people. Mr. Choate was about to begin his address when a man crawled up to Butler and whispered in his ear. The man was a member of the supporting militia who was giving away because of the heavy pressure on the door, and they were likely to collapse at any moment. The door of the entrance to the hall was open, and the man whispered to him, "Keep quiet." Then turning to the audience he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—We are assembled here to hear the massed oratory of the great Rufus Choate, and a hundred thousand people. The members of this hall there are not less than 20,000 people, who are clamoring for admission. Now, I don't think it will be fair for us to move the audience of Choate and then therefore I propose to adjourn this meeting to the common where all can hear him. Now follow my advice and we can get out quickly without any trouble." The audience, who were then down in the back room next the doors, arose, leave your seats and leave the hall. As soon as you have gone the next row to rise and leave, we will open the door and we will have quickly we can empty this hall." Meanwhile Choate was tugging at Butler's coat-tails and whispering to him. "Well, Well, Well, me, man, I can't see with my eyes, I can't see to read on the air; the common voice, I can't carry in the air; I can't make them follow my advice." And so he did. The audience had left that Butler was satisfied, when the strain on the timbers supporting the door had been relieved, he turned around to Choate and said: "Say, Choate, would you rather die in this hall or in hell?"

Poor Ferguson.

From The Chicago Tribune. Ferguson, a man whose name may be given as Ferguson, because he was something entirely different from Ferguson and Ferguson will do as well for any other name. Besides, it is a handy one to speak of.

This man Ferguson was a county treasurer, with a good salary, a wife and six fair-haired daughters, a position in society, and command of the confidence of everybody in the community, and was moreover the superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in the country. There was no reason on earth why he should betray the confidence reposed in him, bring reproach on the honored name of Ferguson and drag his honorable name and his wife and his six daughters down to the mud.

But one day, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, this being the phrase usually used in case like this—there came the announcement that there was a discrepancy of \$16,000 in County Treasurer Ferguson's accounts.

Inquiry at the county building and at the various banks only served to confirm the report.

Then society gathered up its skirts. It was the duty of society to protect itself, and justice must be done.

And everybody said County Treasurer Ferguson ought to be in the penitentiary.

But the next day it leaked out that the discrepancies in the accounts arose from that Ferguson had not drawn his salary for four years, and instead of his being short in his accounts and a defaulter the county owed him \$16,000.

And then everybody said Treasurer Ferguson ought to be in the insane asylum.

\$6.50.

To Northern Michigan Resorts, Via C. H. & D. and Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Michigan Ry. Sept. 6th.

The C. H. & D. will sell excursion tickets from Cincinnati to Potosky, Bay City, Frankfort and other Michigan resorts Tuesday, September 6th, at \$6.50 for the round trip. Tickets are good returning until September 18th. For tickets and full particulars, call on or address C. H. & D. Agents or E. O. McCormick, G. P. & T. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

### Grand Army.

The official train to the national encampment will start from Atlanta Saturday, September 11th, at 1:30 p. m. The route will be via the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and the mountains, stopping at Atlanta, the Caverns and at the famous battle of the "valley."

For a full Pullman vestibule train with observation car, the reader is referred to the south. Fare for the round trip, \$10.00. Sleeper, good \$2—two in a berth. Will good to return October 10th, with \$6.50 and secure double berth in sleeper. For further information address C. N. Hart, G. P. A., or Colonel A. B. Carter, Atlanta, Ga.

Smart weed and belladonna, combined with the common weeds, are the best poultice plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Belladonna Plaster the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

**IF YOUR BACK ACHES,**  
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
It will cure you cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

Again Open.

The fashionable dressmaking establishment of Mrs. M. C. Adler, over Keely Co.'s, will be open again for the coming season.

Mrs. Adler has again come to Paris and now, and now, I never handled pasteboard since, and advise all young men to let it alone. I think this same woman will justify the confidence she then reposed in me, but she is here to speak for herself.

"Elizabeth," said the captain, half smiling,

## FINANCE AND TRADE.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE, ATLANTA, September 1, 1892.

Atlanta Clearing Association Statement.

Clearings today ..... \$10,000.00

For the week ..... 20,000.00

Clearings last week ..... 18,000.00

Local Bond and Stock Quotations.

New York exchange buying at par, selling at 4.00.

The following are bid and asked quotations

STATE AND CITY BONDS.

New York, \$100.00

Atlanta, \$100.00

Atlanta & D. B. & Co., \$100.

New Jersey, \$100.

Georgia, \$100.

## PLANTATION FABLES.

By Joel Chandler Harris, the Author of Uncle Remus.

## BROTHER FOX IS STILL IN TROUBLE. WHY BROTHER FOX'S LEGS ARE BLACK.

Written by The Constitution.  
Uncle Remus sat and smoked his pipe reflectively for some time after the little boy had criticised the heartlessness of the "creatures." When he spoke he showed that he had been thinking the matter over. He took the pipe from his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke in the air.

"Uh-uh!" he exclaimed, "ain't no use er talkin'. Creeters is creeters. You er what you is, en you can't be no is-er. I'm what I am en I can't be no an'er. It all done been fix, en I ain't see nobody yit what kin onfix it. Creeters is natchly got han's ideas, en you may take notice whenever you see ha'r en bristles right dar you er mo' dan ap' ter fin' claws en tushees. Hit's des like I tell you, honey."

"You fumg me offen de track, but I ain't done wid dat fuss 'twixt Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox. You sorter finch'd kaze Brer Rabbit tuck en burnt a blister on Brer Fox back, en it sot me ter studyin' but we

his han's on his side for ter keep fum bust in de buttons off'n his weecut wid laughs. 'Bumbe' he holler out, "Gracious goodness, Brer Fox! What de matter? Is dat do way you done ruin me? Dat ar sturn you g' me right rank pizen."

"Brer Rabbit took his wallet quick en look in it. Den he low, 'Sholy I ain't g' you de wrong physic! Lawwy, yas I is! Stidder de yam-n-yam' infment, I done gones en gun you de n'yip-n'yip plaster! I b'liev'n my soul, I'm a lesin' my sevin' senses.'

"Den he sorter fell back in de bushes en like he wuz hisser laughin'. Ef ole Brer Fox could er comed Brer Rabbit's wallet 'bout in de leaves an' makin' do trash ter got some made shoo-dot he done gone in got some er de n'yip-n'yip plaster on hisse."

"What do de yam-n-yam' and n'yip-n'yip mean, Uncle Remus?" inquired the youngster.

"Hit's des de name er de physic. I speck You know ye'se' what quare names doctors is got fer der physic. Dara ipygag, en

don't I do."

"Go ex 'im! Ole nigger man like me don't know nothing!" Go ex 'im!

"'Taint me," said the child quacking.

"If g' pape know, he's too busy to tell me right now."

"He'll never tell you in de roun' w'rd," remarked Uncle Remus emphatically.

"He dunner no me, 'bout it dan da man in de moun' of me, 'bout it dan da man; ef dey ain't man dat he dunner in my 'bout it dan da man what ain't dar."

Then the old negro made a pretense of changing the conversation, but this is the little boy wouldn't hear to.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, after a while, "ef I don't know, you'll poster me twel I done tell you what you'll do."

"I ain't got no tale nohow, so I des might as well out wid it en git some people or min'."

"One time Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox went out in de woods huntin', en after so long a time dey run ter git hungry. Leav'ways Brer Fox did, kaze Brer Rabbit had bring a sticken in his wallet, en eve's time he got a chance he'd eat it. Den he low, 'Sholy I ain't got no fu' ways fum home, en day ain't had no fire fer ter cook it.'

"Den he sorter took his wallet, en Brer Fox so hungry it make his head ached. Bimch' de sun gun ter get low and it shined red like trees."

"Brer Rabbit low, 'Yonder whar you kin git some fier.'

"Brer Fox say, 'Wharbouts?'

"'Taint Brer Rabbit. Dar whar de sun is. She'll git in her hole, tarrecky, en den you kin git a big chunk o' wood, en then you de game here wid me en go git de fier.'

"You de biggest en de swiftest, en you kin quicker.'

"'Wid dat Brer Fox put out ter whar de sun is. He drat, he lep on his galup, an himy he wuz a drat. But by dat time de sun done gone down in de hole in de ground fer ter take a night's rest. Den Brer Fox git mad, 'Taint no pay'ntion. Den Brer Fox git mad en say he gwine stay dar twel he kin git some fier, so he lay down toppe de hole, en fo' he know it he drap asleep. Dar he wuz, an dar what he got catch.'

"Now you know mighty well, I de sun bleedz too rise. Yo' pakin' tell you dat. When she start ter rise dat wuz Brer Fox fast asleep right 'pon toppe de hole whar she got ter rise sum. When dat de cuse sump'n wuz bleedz ter happen. De sun rise up en when she bin Brer Fox in de way she he's him up en scorch his legs twel dey turn black. Dey got black en dey black, lewv die way day.'

"What became of Brother Rabbit?" the little boy asked.

Uncle Remus laughed, or pretended to laugh, until he bent double.

"Shoo, honey!" he exclaimed when he could catch his breath, "time Brer Fox got out right Brer Rabbit tick all de game an' put out fer home. En dar whar you beter go."

## DE MUD 'GUN TER MELT.'

ain't come ter de wuss. Ef you too tetchy, ef ter set dar whileis runs on, you kin des go up ter de big house en watch Sis Tempy fret over dat churn. I hear her quollin' now."

The only reply the little boy made was to settle himself more firmly in the splint-bottom chair in which he was sitting. Seeing which the old man continued:

"Now, den, what do Brer Rabbit do after he search Brer Fox? Do he go off some'ren set down en mope kaze Brer Fox rushed out fum under de blazin' stove? Ef you think he gwine do dat away you mighty much mistaken. He des ez restless as he never is been. He move 'bout en he work his min'. He jump 'roun' en study."

"He got 'im a string er red pepper on he stewed it down sum hoe fat en mutton suet. Den he pick out de pepper, en when de fat en de suet git col' he tuck'n spread de suale on a long piece er rag. He tuck dis rag, he did, en put it in his wallet, en den he got down his walkin' cane, en went down de road 'towde de place where Brer Fox live at. He ain't gone so mighty fur' fo' he see Brer Fox settin', down cussin' hisse."

"Time he see 'im Brer Rabbit gun ter holler:

"'Nyan, nyan! Instant fer swalllin'! Save fer burns en blisters! Nyan! Nyan!'

"Keep on hollerin' dis away des long as he kin. Ef he hol' his head up like he ain't see Brer Fox, en he wuz gwine on by, but Brer Fox call 'im. Brer Rabbit look at 'im, but he ain't stop. Den Brer Fox call 'im ag'in. Den Brer Rabbit stop en look mighty mad.

"He holler back: 'What you want long er me? Ef twant kaze you got de impudence ole scratch hisse? you wouldn't dast ter have de face fer ter hal me whiles I gwine long 'tendin' ter my own business. Talk quick! I ain't got no time fer ter fool wid yo' sort.'

"Den Brer Fox ax 'im what he so mighty mad 'bout er Brer Rabbit low: 'Look how you done me 'bout dat hat? Ain't you got yo' gwine ter fetch it on ter er hill fer me?'

"Brer Fox look 'stomish. He say, 'Name er goodness, Brer Rabbit! You seed wid yo' own eyes what de reason I can't fetch it up dar. I wish you'd look at my neck what got a blister on it fum de top er my head plumb te de en' er my tail, I des like ter see de man what kin tote grass when he git it.'

"Brer Rabbit look at Brer Fox back en he make a great miration. He low: 'She sho wuz hot, Brer Fox, en you git de marks un it. I dis tuck a notion you wuz playin' off one er yo' pranks on me, en my feelin' was right.'

"Brer Fox say: 'I hear you gwine on by hollerin' 'bout some kinder intrument or nuttuh what'll pacify burns, en da' what make I holler at you.'

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit went down in his wallet en fetch out de red pepper salve, en say to Brer Fox fer a squall, en den he nake out'n de house en about seven jumps he landed in wid a crack, down in de creek wus mo'n a half mile of. Foxes is stidder water, same es cats, but dat ar fox he des roll and waller in de water. Brer Rabbit still foller after, en when he git whar he kin see Brer Fox, he des set down en he gwine on by.

"Well, sub, 'twent long' fo' Brer Rabbit hear 'im fer a squall, an den he nake out'n de house en about seven jumps he landed in wid a crack, down in de creek wus mo'n a half mile of. Foxes is stidder water, same es cats, but dat ar fox he des roll and waller in de water. Brer Rabbit still foller after, en when he git whar he kin see Brer Fox, he des set down en he gwine on by."

"Well, sub, 'twent long' fo' Brer Rabbit hear 'im fer a squall, an den he nake out'n de house en about seven jumps he landed in wid a crack, down in de creek wus mo'n a half mile of. Foxes is stidder water, same es cats, but dat ar fox he des roll and waller in de water. Brer Rabbit still foller after, en when he git whar he kin see Brer Fox, he des set down en he gwine on by."

"Why, don't you know papa brought two home not very long ago?"

"Dat was last fall," suggested Uncle Remus, "an' he's a red and under one, an' a way. Ain't you notice how de legs look?"

"The child thought a moment. "Why, yes," he exclaimed, "their legs were black."

"Now, den," said the old man, leaning back in his chair and looking wise, "how come dat? Dat day wuz—one fox red and under one gray, an' at de legs black. I wish you'd please, I am good on so kind, if you got de time ten sp'ns' ter tell me how come dey bofe got black legs?" Uncle Remus's tone was that of an humble weaker after knowledge, and his earnestness was comic, indeed, though it seemed to the child to be properly serious.

"I never thought of that," said the little boy.

"I can ask papa," said Uncle Remus, giving a derivative snort, shut his mouth with a snap and began to hum a tune through his nose. It was a sure sign of disease.

"Well, Uncle Remus," said the child, in a penitent tone, "I thought you wanted to know this enough, and anyhow, if you

## STILSON, JEWELER.

55 WHITEHALL ST.  
Reliable Goods.  
Fair Dealing.  
Bottom Prices.

IN LINE FOR  
FALL Goods

The season has opened and we are ready to serve the public with a handsome line of men's, youth's, boys' and children's clothing, furnishing goods and hats. Our clothing department has been supplied with the very latest novelties of imported and domestic fabrics, in all the latest styles, shades and designs. For elegance of finish, superiority of quality and reasonableness of prices, our goods excel. We show one of the handsomest and best selected lines of furnishings in the city. Full dress shirts in unusual variety of figures and fancy piques, embroidered and plain bermans. We desire to call attention, also, to the elegant assortment of stiff and flexible hats and fine Nutria soft, which has met the approval of all who have seen them. Notice our north side windows for clothing and south side for furnishings. Give us a call and inspect our stock, whether you wish to purchase or merely to get posted. Always remember our goods are shown with pleasure.

Extra pants, ages 4 to 15 years, from 50c up.

## School Suits.

We are ready for the

boys with the best assortment of suits we have ever shown. Our celebrated combination suit, jacket, 2 pairs pants and cap at \$4.50 is, beyond doubt, the best thing for school wear ever shown.

## JAS. A. ANDERSON

## Clothing Company

Have received, and are receiving daily, the largest and best selected stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing ever shown in this city. The Clothing is manufactured especially for us, and we are the only firm in Atlanta carrying the Clothing of Rogers, Peet & Co., who are the leading Fashionable Clothiers on Broadway, New York.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department contains all the latest and most desirable styles of woollens. Professor C. G. Gross, the Napoleon of cutters, will take your measure.

## J. A. ANDERSON CLOTHING CO.

## 41 WHITEHALL ST.

SEABOARD AIR-LINE, SHORT LINE TO  
Norfolk, Va., Port Royal, S. C., New Line to Charleston, S. C.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 26, 1892, SOUTHBOUND

No. M.	No. M.	Eastern Time.	No. M.	No. M.	Daily.
10 pm	7:30 am	7:30 am	10 pm	7:30 am	7:30 am
11 pm	8:30 am	8:30 am	11 pm	8:30 am	8:30 am
12 am	9:30 am	9:30 am	12 am	9:30 am	9:30 am
1 am	10:30 am	10:30 am	1 am	10:30 am	10:30 am
2 am	11:30 am	11:30 am	2 am	11:30 am	11:30 am
3 am	12:30 pm	12:30 pm	3 am	12:30 pm	12:30 pm
4 am	1:30 pm	1:30 pm	4 am	1:30 pm	1:30 pm
5 am	2:30 pm	2:30 pm	5 am	2:30 pm	2:30 pm
6 am	3:30 pm	3:30 pm	6 am	3:30 pm	3:30 pm
7 am	4:30 pm	4:30 pm	7 am	4:30 pm	4:30 pm
8 am	5:30 pm	5:30 pm	8 am	5:30 pm	5:30 pm
9 am	6:30 pm	6:30 pm	9 am	6:30 pm	6:30 pm
10 am	7:30 pm	7:30 pm	10 am	7:30 pm	7:30 pm
11 am	8:30 pm	8:30 pm	11 am	8:30 pm	8:30 pm
12 pm	9:30 pm	9:30 pm	12 pm	9:30 pm	9:30 pm
1 pm	10:30 pm	10:30 pm	1 pm	10:30 pm	10:30 pm
2 pm	11:30 pm	11:30 pm	2 pm	11:30 pm	11:30 pm
3 pm	12:30 am	12:30 am	3 pm	12:30 am	12:30 am
4 pm	1:30 am	1:30 am	4 pm	1:30 am	1:30 am
5 pm	2:30 am	2:30 am	5 pm	2:30 am	2:30 am
6 pm	3:30 am	3:30 am	6 pm	3:30 am	3:30 am
7 pm	4:30 am	4:30 am	7 pm	4:30 am	4:30 am
8 pm	5:30 am	5:30 am	8 pm	5:30 am	5:30 am
9 pm	6:30 am	6:30 am	9 pm	6:30 am	6:30 am
10 pm	7:30 am	7:30 am	10 pm	7:30 am	7:30 am
11 pm	8:30 am	8:30 am	11 pm	8:30 am	8:30 am
12 am	9:30 am	9:30 am	12 am	9:30 am	9:30 am
1 am	10:30 am	10:30 am	1 am	10:30 am	10:30 am
2 am	11:30 am	11:30 am	2 am	11:30 am	11:30 am
3 am	12:30 pm	12:30 pm	3 am	12:30 pm	12:30 pm
4 am	1:30 pm	1:30 pm	4 am	1:30 pm	1:30 pm
5 am	2:30 pm	2:30 pm	5 am	2:30 pm	2

(Communicated)

## THE ANTI-OPTION BILL

A Review of Some Remarks of Senator  
James Z. George.

Important Planters, Merchants and  
Dealers—Mr. George's Speech on the  
Anti-Option Bill Fully Reviewed  
by Latham, Alexander & Co.  
Bankers and Cotton Commission  
Men, New York.

Office of Latham, Alexander & Co., Bankers and Cotton Commission Merchants, New York, September 1, 1892—Dear Sir: The following letter has been received by us, and we call attention to it on account of the active interest now being felt in the south concerning the anti-option bill, which will be brought up again before the senate of the United States on the first Monday in December next:

"W. D. Cleveland & Co., Cotton Exchange, New York, August 15, 1892—Dear Sir: Your circular letters of July 12th and August 8th, giving much valuable information on the planting interest of Texas were duly received, and have been read by us with pleasure.

"The arguments you advance against the passage of the anti-option bill are plain, practical and well founded, and we heartily concur with many parties who have not given the subject consideration.

"On account of the high standing of your firm throughout the south, your experience in agriculture, anything you might write on the anti-option bill would be read with great interest. Will you not take the trouble to write another letter and discuss some of the workings of the anti-option contract in the New York cotton exchange, as well as the speech of Senator George, of Mississippi, who favors the bill? Very truly yours,

WILLIAM D. CLEVELAND & CO.

In response to the foregoing letter, from one of the largest cotton firms in the state of Texas, and similar letters seeking information about the anti-option bill, we beg to say:

When Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, introduced a similar bill two years ago, it was considered an innovation, and that the cotton situation was paid to it by the business community. At the next session, the Hatch bill was rushed through congress during the absence of many members at the Minneapolis convention. There was only five minutes debate allowed to a few opponents of the bill.

The importance of this measure, and its far-reaching effects, were not fully understood, by a great majority of the members in the house. The bill was said to be in the interest of the farming and planting classes, and under the circumstances, it was the same as submitting a proposition like this: "Are you in favor of higher or lower prices for cotton?" Nearly all the members, of course, would say give a slight nod.

If this had been fairly investigated and understood, some member of the house would have suggested something like this: "Here is a bill that is a fraud on its face."

"It is a bill that is a fraud on its face."

"It purports to raise revenue when it will not add one dollar to the treasury. It purports to abolish trading in options in the New York cotton exchange when it is intended to allow negotiations in contracts for cotton for future delivery, by which the greater part of the planter's crop is moved rapidly to market. It purports to benefit the farmers and planters when it will positively injure them. In the midst of great depression already, the passage of such a bill will increase it. It is class legislation, and purports that the planters can sell cotton for future delivery when it denies the same privilege to the buyers of the planter's cotton."

It will congest cotton plantations and in warehouses in the south and lessen buyers and capital. It will hamper business and civilization in cotton raising, and civilize the system of the world, and derange the system of commerce and finance that has required thoughtful and master minds nearly a generation to perfect. It is a measure even more impracticable than the subtreasury scheme, which the committee of the house, by a unanimous vote, gave the following, among many other reasons, why that ridiculous measure should not be considered:

"If there should be a reduction below 80 per cent. in the value of goods after they are stored, the government would lose; if the value increased, the government would gain; one of the principal functions of the federal government would be increased so as to make them instruments of oppression of the people. The bill tends strongly towards centralization. Great concentration in currency would follow its enactment. The operations of the bill would not be confined to farmers, but it would affect the lumber men and manufacturers generally, and constrain the government to fix a limit to possible loss at 20 per cent. It would be a violation of the constitution, and usurping the functions of the citizens and attempting to interfere in everybody's business but its own."

The adoption of the scheme would be the adoption of a new system of taxation, and the government would get more than it gave. The great increase in the number of federal officials would make it almost impossible to dislodge a corrupt administration, and provision would be made for the redemption of the many millions to be issued under the bill, and banks would have the power to force a destruction of any part of the government's money.

The bill would be a curse to the day laborers and other toilers. People having a particular kind of property to deposit could get money at 2 per cent. from the government, and that is a violation of the constitution. Lastly, it is a violation of the highest tribunals in the land.

Had time been given for the foregoing explanations to be made to the house of representatives, the vote of the United States on the bill would doubtless have been No.

On July 6th, when the anti-option bill passed the house, cotton contracts for September delivery were selling at about 8 cents, and spot cotton was selling at 7 13-16. Since the passage of that bill by the house, and its discussion in the senate, cotton contracts have declined, and are now 8 cents per pound and the market is obscured. Before the bill passed there was an active demand for cotton, and the belief then was that it was cheap, and operators and dealers all over the country were buying it largely; and it is our opinion that it would have advanced to 8 1-2 cents, perhaps 9 cents, on the adoption of the bill.

After the action of the house on the bill speculative demand for cotton ceased immediately. Parties who were holding cotton began to sell it out, and there were no buyers except the representatives of the "short" interest in the New York cotton exchange. Under the long discussion in the senate, the market grew dull and liquidation continued. Everybody was anxious to get out of cotton and have as little to do with it as possible because they did not know positively what interruptions to business the passage of the anti-option bill would create.

It was kept dragging along in the senate, daily lowering the price of cotton, and the senate adjourned without it hanging over and meeting an almost unanimous vote to adjourn. It would have been far better to have either passed the bill or killed it outright because it is now feared that it may pass in December, and buyers of cotton contracts and buyers of cotton are reluctant to enter into contracts beyond December. The bill is not killed, but it will receive over any other bill on the first Monday in December next in the senate of the United States after the morning hour.

The speech of Senator George, of Mississippi.

In the senate of the United States, on July 25th, Senator James Z. George, of Mississippi, delivered a speech on what is called the "anti-option bill," a matter of great importance to the agricultural, financial and business interests of the country generally.

As the speech of Senator George was long and exhaustive, and pertaining to the only—the most important article covered by the bill—we, as bankers and cotton commission merchants, believe we have a right to offer to the planters and cotton commission merchants throughout the south a few remarks touching this speech; and in doing so, we shall endeavor to treat the subject with absolute fairness.

The following is a brief summary of the speech as delivered on July 25th, and

was held up for revision, and not printed until August 2d. The Washington correspondent of The New York Sun, under the date of August 14th, speaking of Senator George, says: "His recent speech on the anti-option bill would hardly be recognized after careful revision." The revised report of his speech, therefore, must be considered as having his unequalled endorsement.

We cannot undertake a thorough analysis of this notable speech, for it covers fourteen pages of The Congressional Record (much of which is closely printed matter), but we will briefly consider some of the principal features of his speech, and the report of his speech, therefore, must be considered as having his unequalled endorsement.

There are but few points in the senator's speech worthy of discussion, but to such as are, we direct our remarks:

1st. Is the business transacted in cotton contracts proper and legitimate? Does such business injure the planter or dealers in cotton?

2d. Does the system of contracts for future delivery invariably put down prices of the farmers' products?

3d. Is it best to set aside a well-established system of business that is used all over the world and return to old methods?

Most of these points we have covered in previous letters, but for the purpose of this paper we prefer to limit our subject.

The main object of this letter is to explain to Senator George and the cotton interest generally, some statements in his speech although of minor importance as far as the price of cotton is concerned, are very misleading to planters and dealers who have not given the subject earnest attention.

In substance, the senator says:

The cotton planting interest throughout the south is greatly depressed; that providence has greatly blessed the planters, but such blessing has been converted into curse. He says, virtually, that before he can buy cotton in the exchanges, the planters were prosperous, and on account of such dealings low prices now prevail.

The New York is the heart of the nation, where prices are made for many American commodities, and these prices are the basis for various operations all over the world; and anything that might affect the New York cotton exchange would be adverse to the greater part of the whole business is represented.

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## AT NARRAGANSETT,

Where the People Meet the Swelling  
Waves of the Sea.

## SOME OF ITS PECULIARITIES.

Notes Taken from the Gay Crowds Which  
Flock There During the Heated  
Term—A Dip in the Water.

Narragansett Pier, August 30.—Par excellence this is the place to see and be seen; nothing is concealed from him who goes to amuse himself with the passing show, for all its life is out of doors; no pretty girl can escape that notoriety dear to the heart of the summer girl, no freak miss what he aims at. It is probably the only summer resort in America where people come with no other object in view but pleasure. Consequently it is the one which bears closest resemblance to the European watering places.

People go to Bar Harbor to become landed aristocracy, to go into society, to have a view or to rest on their winter laurels, keeping their hand in with abbreviated entertainments. They go to Saratoga to show their diamonds and to be as vulgar generally as the law will permit; to the mountains to repair the wasted tissue and get away from sea air; to Newport and Lenox to keep the social ball rolling lest the world forget just how great and important a thing a young American society is.

But to Narragansett they bring abounding health. They are of all sorts, ages and conditions, and immediately fit into its stereotyped round of pleasure like so many spokes in a constantly revolving wheel. To the exceptional wanderer it is all frightfully monotonous after the first twenty-four hours, but the average thousands, crowding the many hotels, seem to rise each day with the zest of the African explorer, and they are all as methodical in the taking of the amusement furnished them as the homeopathic patient who sips from a row of goblets or swallows "A," "B" at stated intervals.

## Just One Variation.

Just one variation happened during my stay. As I descended the staircase of the Gladstone about 9 o'clock in the morning, and entered the large square hall where the people congregate, I found the August guests crowded about a huge log fire. This was unusual, even for the seaside, but the guests ought to have been out on the lawn basking in the cold, for the noon was sure to be hot. As I couldn't get near the fire, and didn't want to, I watched the people. Several gay-haired young papas were wandering devotedly about at the heels of their tottering offspring. One had his standing on its hind legs, so to speak, and was teaching it tricks, very much as if it were a young puppy. It exhibited just about the same degree of intelligence.

In one corner of the hearthstone three young men were on their knees to the left, while a fourth stood just behind in an attitude of rapt adoration. Just behind the plasmon snuck its father. Still in June it was which many have accounted for the manner in which the young men were disporting themselves.

## Some A.D.

At 11 o'clock all the young mothers and young gray-haired husbands, all the girls and all the boys, after a dash at bowling or tennis, set forth with the tramp of an army on the beach. Some of them dispense themselves under the eaves of the pavilion balcony, others brave the sun and take their chairs down upon the sands, but by far the greater number make themselves hideous and go in. Those who come to sit on the balcony make themselves very beautiful.

There is a "beach costume" for Narragansett, and it is eclipsed indeed who gets that plus. It is where the ladies "dressed" four times a day. Still in June it is most said that her remissness attracts no attention, for the place is as independent as Oshkosh.

The Jefferson Davises are to be seen here and receive much attention, of course. Mrs. Davis is in deep mourning—a large woman with a dark and somber face, not one with history written upon it by any means. She appears to find as much and as constant amusement in the caperings of the Pier as ordinary folk. Miss Winnie Davis also bears little exterior evidence of being world renowned. She is a tall, refined looking girl, with the urbane manners and prompt smile of the well-bred southern woman.

## Rather Bright Costumes.

Place aux dames. The most effective costume is of course the sailor suit, with hat, gloves and shoes of bright red, blue, green or some other vividly contrasting color. Costumes of this sort made those of unrelieved white look crude and amateurish. One young woman looked very sporty in white flannel horizontally striped with dark blue. The vest was white flannel with a few curtain lines of blue about the waist. The prevailing costume was the spotless gingham. A few wore silk. One pretty girl was gotten up in a crushed strawberry India silk, and as she was a blonde, she looked like a shortcake.

There was not one sensational bathing costume, just plain, ugly blue or black with red capes, which were distasteful to the girls. Ambition of notoriety, wants to have her name blazoned from one end of the continent to the other all she has to do is to bring a freak bathing suit to Narragansett and wear it. She would be the bright particular comet of the Pier in one week, and the pleasure of the sea compensates these energetic young women for the complexion's sun-burns upon them. Still, if they do not look pretty they are probably interesting, for a correspondent told me that he sometimes remained an hour and a half in the water taking notes of flirtations. Such is the result of this era of personalities.

## Honorable Man.

The men looked truly awful. Nothing in life is so ugly as a man in a bathing suit. The wives at Narragansett did not expect teams of blood, and the enraged girls dig graves in the sand with the toe of their foot wherein to bury sentiment. Man was not built for a bathing suit. He looks merely disgusting when he is well made, ridiculous when he is scrawny and appalling when he is in the way. The architecture in of the correct order. In the latter case he invariably wears a bathing suit with horizontal stripes, half dirty and wholly repulsive, you want to kick him.

Men must have a little vanity. You never catch a girl doing a thing at that sort. She makes for the bathhouse the moment she leaves the water, like a stone out of a catapult.

## Rather Mixed Architecture.

At 1 o'clock all the world is at the Casino. The Casino looks like America—it is a little of everything. The architecture is that mixed up which sits above stone walls, Romanesque towers and mission corridors, pillars of cobble stones and varnished wooden ceilings. Still the general effect is pretty, if bizarre, and when swarming with people very brilliant.

The crowd seats itself on the long inner corridor or veranda overlooking the lawn, and smokers and drink cold things for an hour while the band plays. A few go upstairs and play billiards, others struggle to the rotunda, read the papers and magazines. A few go to the ladies' library and write notes on the pretty Casino paper, but the throng prefers the music and each other's clothes.

From the upper balcony, where one can overlook the lower at right angles the sight is very pretty, so many bright faces and charming costumes, so many funny little girls with their little courts of boy admirers. Truly, the coming man should be something remarkable, his education begins so early. Even the belles of two seasons seem to prefer these bearded, butter-colored youths, and will sit about in corners with them by the hour.

## Dinner at 2.

String to relate dinner is at 2 o'clock at all these watering places, even the most pretentious. Everybody scolds and no one can understand this revival of an uncivilized custom. But so it is, and that may explain why so many people empty powders into their goblets at the table or bring a large black bottle, labeled by the chemist, with them—to take away the appetites of other's clothes.

After dinner there is naturally a full, and the girls look as if the late autumn had come. Then at 4:30 o'clock the hotels give up a few young and enthusiastic couples who wander along a mile of hot beach to spoon on the rocks. I was sitting on the front side of one of these large piles of bare stones, famous in this part of the country, trying to imagine what we were trying, and to think of Montevideo, and that the Atlantic might not up some waves as ponderous as those of the Pacific, when my meditations were invaded and three or four retiring couples clambered over the brow of the top rocks and disposed themselves at respectful distances from each other.

They are not only thorough in that degree of excellence that makes them appreciated by the people of Atlanta, but in that broader merit that gives them a prestige not a superiority among the well-advertised and popular institutions of the country.

Atlanta has many such schools, and enrolled upon their registers are the children of many of the best people in the city besides the children of many who live at a distance.

Everything is taught in these schools from the simplest to the highest grade of instruction, and the broadest degree of culture as well as the plainest rudiments of an education may be acquired from the different courses of study which they present.

## PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

They Will Favorably Compare with Any in the Country.

## THE CAPITOL FEMALE COLLEGE,

Washington Seminary, the Gordon School, Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Mrs. Byers' School.

The educational facilities of Atlanta are unsurpassed by those of any city in the country.

Everybody says it, and the opinion of the great majority of people is more than apt to be correct.

The fame of the public schools has spread into every nook and corner of the land, and the mass must be very ignorant indeed who has never heard of the public schools of Atlanta.

But next to the public schools, which are specially her pride and delight, she has reason to rejoice and be glad in the fact that her private and other local schools are also among the best in the south.

They are trying to imagine what we were trying, and to think of Montevideo, and that the Atlantic might not up some waves as ponderous as those of the Pacific, when my meditations were invaded and three or four retiring couples clambered over the brow of the top rocks and disposed themselves at respectful distances from each other.

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The Washington Seminary.

The Washington seminary on Walton street has enjoyed for several years the distinction of being one of the best schools in the city. It is more of a college than a school, however, and the different kinds of instruction that are taught to the young ladies will favorably compare with that of any in the country. Many young ladies in Atlanta and throughout the state received their diplomas from the Washington seminary.

The seminary is under the excellent management of Mrs. W. P. Chandler and Professor J. P. Downing.

Capitol Female College.

Atlanta has reason to be proud of the Capitol Female college. Under the able and excellent principalship of Miss Leonora Beck it has rapidly forced its way into the front rank of southern colleges. Not only from Atlanta but from Georgia, Tennessee, Florida, Kentucky and other states in the south the young ladies have attended the institution.

Though comparatively young as regards the date of its organization, it is firmly established in the hearts of its many patrons. The faculty is composed of accomplished and able teachers, and everything is taught that is usually found in a college curriculum. Literature, the sciences, art, music and languages, together with stenography and typewriting, are taught by special instructors. There is also a kindergarten department.

The college will open the middle of this month.

The Gordon School.

There is not a more thorough school for boys in the city than the Gordon school.

It combines with an excellent course of instruction a thorough military discipline, and the boys are compelled to attend the school.

The school has rapidly grown during the last few years, and today it ranks among the best high schools in the state.

Professor W. E. Meagley is the head master. The number of students is limited to ninety, and the officers of the school will not receive any more pupils. The school will open the first week in September.

Miss Hanna's School.

Miss B. H. Hanna is at the head of an other popular and enterprising school. As associated with Miss Hanna is the accomplished and able teacher, Mrs. B. Mallon.

The school has always enjoyed an excellent patronage and the course of instruction afforded embraces everything in the way of a complete English education. Foreign languages, music and art are also taught by competent instructors.

Academy of the Immaculate Conception.

The oldest and one of the best schools in Atlanta is the Academy of the Immaculate Conception.

It was founded in 1807, just twenty-five years ago, and is under the control and direction of the Sisters of Mercy.

Music, painting, fancy work, drawing, languages, in fact, nearly everything is taught in the school. It has the largest attendance perhaps of any school in the city.

The academy will open its doors the first Monday in September.

Miss McKinley's School.

The graded school of Miss Julia McKinley, located on West Peachtree street, is one of the best schools in Atlanta.

It was organized in 1876 and has ever since been highly esteemed by the Atlanta people. Grammar high school and college branches are all taught, and the preparation of young boys and girls for college is one of the special features of the school.

Miss McKinley has always been a great favorite especially with the young people of Atlanta, and her school is deeply interested in the affairs of the whole city.

Miss Hanna's School.

The select private school, managed by Mrs. Byers at 174 Loyd street, for boys and girls, begins its nineteenth year next Monday. It is largely patronized by the citizens of the south side.

Mrs. Byers is a lady of great ability as a teacher.

Her school for the past eighteen years has maintained a high standard of education. Many of her students have graduated to high places in their chosen professions.

Her patrons are among the best people in the city.

The above named schools there are many others of excellent character and almost in touch of the city, and the S. C. Institute and Moreland Park Academy.

There is an excellent school in connection with the Jewish Orphan Home.

Atlanta is well supplied with instruction, and in the matter of good schools and competent teachers she is second to no other city in the south.

She is to be congratulated on the success of her school.

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# M. RICH & BROS.

## OPENING OF MAGNIFICENT NEW FURNITURE ROOMS!

THE FINEST IN THE ENTIRELY NEW AND NOVEL IDEAS IN FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS!

### OUR LEADERSHIP

We shall maintain in the Carpet and Furniture trade

### INEXHAUSTIBLE AND CORGEOUS

is the display in these departments.

No attempts can be made to cope with our \$25 Bedroom Suit. It is concededly better than anything heretofore offered at \$40.

Our \$35 French Plate Glass Suit is a wonder.

Our new Sideboards made to our order will be a revelation to buyers.

### OUR STOCK OF CHAIRS

from 50c to \$25 each, all new, and incomparable in values.

### CARPETS.

We sell our Moquettes, the best grades, at \$1.35, worth now \$1.65 per yard.

Five-frame Brussels at \$1, worth \$1.35.

Best 10-wire Tapestry at 85c, worth \$1.

Our best Wool Ingrain at 65c, worth \$1.

Our entire stock is new and all the above goods are made and laid in a strictly first-class manner.

### M. RICH & BROS., 54 AND 56 WHITEHALL ST.

#### MACHETA HUNTING.

#### Where to Find Them and How to Slay Them.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN VENEZUELA.

G. R. O. Reilly Gives Some of His Experiences While in South America—Hunting the Varmints.

Along the clearest streams in the hills of northern South America, and at the most quiet crystal pools, you will find the long, graceful machetas.

Two inches in diameter and seven feet long, they stretched full length in the sunny bushes over the water. Greenish black above, and along the sides golden yellow, he is hard to distinguish amidst the leaves and flowers. Perfectly motionless, he lies there in the sun-shine, his large, bright eyes on the alert. But you can tire him out by waiting, so that finally he will glide off, hardly moving a twis as he makes his way through the branches, perhaps to chase frogs among the ilies or to take up a new post amidst the entanglement of some flowering vine whence he may snatch some gorgeous humming bird for a luncheon as she hovers on her tiny wings before a nectar-laden corolla.

If, however, you approach him too closely, or startle him by a sudden movement, off he goes like a shot. You see nothing more than that the snake which lay there as dead becomes in an instant alive and lightning. The branches and leaves quiver where he lay, but he himself has disappeared, leaving nothing except the motion of the foliage and its quivering reflection in the water beneath to show that anything living has been there.

Leave the place and return in half an hour, and you will probably find him, not where he was before, but collied in the very spot where you had stood treading down the grass on your previous visit, or if not there he will per-



On his back and the bright orange yellow of

His large, luminous eyes and quivering

teeth almost blinded me to my face

and every moment I expected him to strike

I moved to grasp him with both hands, a

struck against the thorns of an intervening

branch, standing on the other side of

the branch and shot like an arrow from the

into the water beyond. In I dashed after him,

walking or rather running on the bottom

and down the bank, where he had

But with head and neck stretched in

front, just above the surface, he swam in

great swiftness, moving as fast through

so that before I had got to the middle of the

pond he had already gone out on the other

side and disappeared in a thicket of wild

growing. In I dashed after him, proved

to the earth, but not a sign of him could we

About thirty yards away was a patch of

large green jungle, not far from the

middle of the machete raised above its waving tops,

quietly watching our movements. Immediately I dashed toward him. Down went his head, and away he sailed through the grass, lost to view for the moment, but making a hollow commotion in its tops as he passed.

During the chase he had run over the earth, but not a sign of him could we

Up flew fragments of the withered debris as

he hurried over the ground, seeming in his

right eye that he was, right in the

middle of the machete raised above its waving tops,

quietly watching our movements. Immediately I dashed toward him. Down went his head, and away he sailed through the grass, lost to view for the moment, but making a hollow commotion in its tops as he passed.

Short was the delay the machete gained

by it, and gave me a good hundred yards run from him.

At last, when he saw that I was close on him, he made for a coffee bush, whose tops

touched the lower branches of a cacao tree, and before I could catch up to him he was

high above my reach, missing his way along

### OUR DRAPERY DEPARTMENT

is under entirely new management. We have the only competent Drapery men in Atlanta.

Our styles are all entirely new and simply marvelous in their beauty.

A complete stock of

### ORIENTAL DRAPERIES AND RUGS

at remarkable prices.

New materials for Curtains direct from the east.

### OUR CURTAIN STOCK.

This stock is more complete than ever.

New ideas in Marie Antoinette, Brussels, Point Arabian, Cluny and Swiss effects with sashes to match.

### OUR LINE OF PORTIERES

Replete with novel productions of Foreign and Domestic goods.

### OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Our established fame as the leading house in the South makes its obligatory for us to take precedent in putting before our fashionable patrons the leading styles of what will be the "proper" for the "elegantes" for the early fall trade.

We have everything that good taste or culture can devise or the upper-ten crave for. We cannot relinquish our claim as the most fashionable house South and must supplement all these hints in fashion by the renewal of prices that will make this proclamation truly welcome.

### NOWHERE

will you find the assortment of Novelties in Wool Dress Goods and Novelty Suits that we are showing this week.

### OUR COLORED SILK DEPARTMENT

fairly radiates with all the Rainbow tints and variegated hues of the new shot, tufted and illuminated Silks.

Our Changeable Bengalines are beauties.

Our French tufted Poplins in all shades, are exquisite, and will lead the style.

Our Changeable and Stripe Glace are imported and will regulate the swell effects.

Figured Arendines are Frenchy and will be the "proper" for visiting suits.

Dundee Plaids are "chippy" and quite the thing for young girls.

### M. RICH & BROS.,

12, 14, 16, 18 AND 20 EAST HUNTER ST.

A. O. R.

On to Washington.

Great Job Sale

—OF—

### TRUNKS and VALISES.

For the next Thirty Days we throw on the market \$10,000 worth of Trunks and Valises at

One-Third Off of Former Prices. We Offer:

JOB NO. 1—A Ladies' Trunk, at \$2.50, former price, \$4.00.

JOB NO. 2—A Trunk at \$3.50, former price, \$5.00.

JOB NO. 3—A Saratoga Trunk at \$5.00, former price, \$8.00.

JOB NO. 4—A Fancy Saratoga Trunk at \$6.50, former price, \$10.00.

JOB NO. 5—An extra large Trunk at \$8.00, former price, \$15.00.

JOB NO. 6—Sole leather Club Bag at \$1.50, former price, \$2.50.

JOB NO. 7—Leather Valise at \$2.00, former price, \$4.50.

JOB NO. 8—Extra sole leather Valise at \$3.00, former price, \$5.00.

The advertisement of this sale and get you Trunk or Valise at mere nominal price.

CUT OUT THE CUT and bring it with you.

LIEBERMAN & KAUFMANN,

92 Whitehall Street.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by the board of commissioners of roads and revenue of Carroll county, Georgia, until 12 o'clock noon, October 11, 1892, for the erection and completion of the new courthouse building.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Bruce & Morgan, architects, Atlanta, Ga., and after September 1, 1892, at the office of the board of commissioners of roads and revenue, Carrollton, Ga.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

A bond for double the amount of the contract price will be required.

By order of the board of commissioners of roads and revenue, Carroll county, Georgia, August 5, 1892. Enoch Phillips, Chairman.

J. L. COBB, Clerk.

Aug 10 till Oct 1 sun wed.

Dressmaking department under management of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Haskell. Best work. Reasonable charges. Now ready for business. Douglass, Thomas & Davison.

\$17.50 to Washington and Return.

Tickets on sale September 13th to 20th, good returning until October 10.

Good on vestibuled limited.

Apply W. H. Taylor, D. P. A., No. 10 Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.

They act directly and promptly

on the Liver and Stomach, restoring

the constipated organs to healthy

activity, and are a positive and per-

fectly safe Cure for Constipation,

Liver Complaint, Sick Headache,

Biliousness, and all other diseases

rising from a disordered condition

of the Liver and Stomach.

They are the ONLY REMEDIAL VEGE-

TABLE LIVER PILLS. They are PER-

FECTLY ANALYTICAL. They are PUR-

CHASEABLE.

THE CONSTITUTION Book of Consumption

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia sent Free

to the subscriber at 20c. Philadelphia, Pa.

or New York, N. Y.

## KEELY COMPANY

### New Goods Crowding In ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN STYLES

You must be alert from now on to keep track of even half the novelties. Each day the store becomes more popular as people find out the superb stock and careful service.

### 3 INTERESTING POINTS CALICOES, GINGHAM, SATEENS.

The initial sale of the season for these goods begins tomorrow. The counters and shelves are groaning beneath the accumulated weight of thousands of dollars worth of Wash Goods for Fall wear that must be instantly converted into cash. Prices accordingly are wonderfully low. There'll be a rush and crush Monday, so come early.

### FOUR LITTLE-PRICED ITEMS.

**At 19c** A 30-inch Suiting in Stripes. Exceedingly serviceable for knock-about dresses and would be considered reasonable, 30c.

**At 29c** A 36-inch Melange Suiting with broken Stripes. It has a wooly surface inclined to roughness and was made to sell at 35c.

**At 39c** A 38-inch Satin finished Henrietta in Stripes and Figures. A splendid stuff for second-best dress. Made to sell at 45c.

**At 49c** A 40-inch Novelty Bourette Striped Suitings. A variety of twenty of the newest colorings. Would be cheap at 65c.

### A FEW NOTABLE FEATURES.

(FINER GRADES.)

Serges are in vogue. The diagonal thought survives—now in faint serge-like lines, again in wide wavy welts with a cheviot roughness—a dozen variations. Bourette dashes and streaks give pretty oddness to others. Camel's-Hair effects crop out here and there. Bedford Cords, too, have taken on new charms—flecks and spots and strokes of color, regular and at random; big on this, little on that, but exquisitely pretty every time.

**SILKS**—An unexampled season is dawning. And you'll be fascinated by our array. Iridescence shows somehow in a multitude of them—all due to differing colors in warp and woof. A wavering sunset glint in one light becomes royal purple in another. And so the glancing tints chase each other, showing new beauties with every turn. Great heaps of these newest of the new things will be at the counters tomorrow—like the first patterning drops of a thunder storm. The Glace or Changeable effects, with dots and stripes and brocade, are here ready for examination.

### A Grand School Sale.

To parents who are vexed with the problem of providing an outfit for the girl who is to be sent to boarding school this season, we say: Come here. We have everything for her wardrobe.

### SPECIAL BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR.

Wool and Silk-wool Union Suits, Knitted Skirts, Silk Skirts, \$6.50, worth \$10.50; Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Wraps, Gossamers, Umbrellas and the like at prices that can't be matched.

### NEW HOSIERY.

Misses' Fast Black Stainless Ribbed Hose, sizes 5 to 8½, only 10c. Misses' Fast Black Seamless Ribbed Hose, sizes 5 to 8½, only 15c, are worth 25c. Misses' Fast Black Seamless Derby-Ribbed Hose, with double soles, sizes 5 to 8½, only 15c, worth 25c. Misses' Medium Weight 1x1 Black Ribbed Hose, sizes 5 to 8½, only 25c, worth 35c. Misses' Fast Black Medium Weight Derby-Ribbed Hose, only 25c, worth 35c. Boys' Ironclad School Hose, with double heels and toes, only 25c, worth 40c. Boys' Extra Heavy Ribbed Hose, with double heels and toes, only 35c; worth 50c.

### TWO SPECIALS!

50 dozen Misses' Ethiopian dye regular-made ribbed Hose at 19c; they are a good 25c quality. 50 dozen Misses' Fast colored and stainless Red Hose at 25c. They are selling everywhere at 35c a pair.

### SPLENDID SHOE VALUES

Children's spring-heel Kid Shoes, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Children's spring-heel Goat Shoes, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Misses' spring-heel, patent leather tipped Kid Shoes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2. Misses' spring-heel, plain and capped toe, Goat Shoes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2. Boys' and Youths' Lace and Button Shoes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2. Misses' and Children's spring-heel Cloth Top Shoes at prices unusually low.

**The Two Georgia Specials**  
FAMOUS ALL OVER THE STATE.  
The Keely Leader at \$2.00 for Women.

The Wear-Well at \$3.00 for Men.

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS OF GOOD SHOES!

KEELY COMPANY.

THE FAIR

Great Sale of All-Wool 40-inch Dress Goods at 50c yard.

THE FAIR

Serges, Homespuns, Worsts, Flannels, Cashmeres, in new shades—all wool—50c yard.

### MONDAY BARGAINS AT THE FAIR.

Navy blue, black, brown Blazer Cloth at 50c yard. The new Stanley Crepe de Chine, all silk, in rich brocade, for evening dress, at 75c.

Changeable Velvets in all shades.

New stamped linens in Tray Cloths, Bouffet Scarfs, Doilies, Tidies, Table Centers, at THE FAIR. Large all-Linen Towels at 10c each.

Excellent yard-wide Bleaching at 5c yard. New Cotton Flannel at 5c yard.

French striped Sacque Flannel, was 75c, now 50c yard.

10-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 15c yard. Heavy twilled all-wool regular 50c Red Flannel at 25c yard.

Apron Check Ginghams at 5c yard.

New dark Calicoes at 5c yard.

New Tuxedo, Russian Net and Spiderweb Veilings.

Our new regular made fast Black Hose at 15c pair.

Knit Sacques for babies at 31c to 98c.

Black Corsets from 50c to \$3.25.

One lot of \$5 Satin Corsets at \$2.

One lot of Silk Hose (black) at \$1.

Men's Unlaundered Shirts, 25c.

Four-ply Linen Collars at 9c.

Four-ply Linen Cuffs at 15c.

### New Stationery at The Fair.

Linen Note Paper at 5c for 24 sheets. Tinted Paper and Envelopes to match at 17c box.

### New Slates, Blank Books and School Satchels at THE FAIR.

Hand Mirrors, plush or oak bound, at 25c.

Three silver pieces—Shoe Button, Shoe Horn and Hair Curler—all for 25c.

Turquoise Picture Frames at 98c.

Silver Sconces, \$2.98. Silver Picture Frames, 25c.

New Silk Windsor Ties at 25c.

Our famous white Chamois Kid Gloves at 87c.

Six-button length white Kid Gloves at \$1.98.

New extra large 10-4 Counterpanes at 74c.

### Two carloads of New Crockery at The Fair

We have a wholesale China and Crockery department in our basements. We can in this way afford to sell you Chinaware at wholesale prices.

New Japanese Tea Pots at 16c.

New Japanese (very thin and elegant ware) Cups and Saucers at 25c.

Plain white Granite (first quality) Cups and Saucers at 50c a set.

Large white Bowls and Pitchers at 89c.

Large covered Slop Jars (granite ware) at \$1.48.

Breakfast Plates (festoon edge) at 35c set.

Large Seamless Goblets at 5c.

Fine China (Carlsbad) Cups and Saucers, \$1 set.

10-piece decorated Toilet Sets at \$2.89.

Brass Banquet Lamps at \$2.21.

Common Hand Lamps, complete, at 24c.

Window Shades, complete, at 33c each.

New oak, cherry, walnut, ebony Curtain Poles at 25c, with fixtures.

New light Top Coats at \$3.48.

### See the Advance Styles in the Cloak room!

Children's Reefer Jackets at \$1.98.

All Rugs, to close out, at 25 per cent discount.

The Fair's Ammonia (10c large bottle) has twice the strength of any other. Try it. We warrant double strength.

### Specials Tomorrow at The Fair:

Lunch Baskets, 10c each. Pearline, 4c. Sapolio, 8c.

Clothes Lines, 14c. Clothes Pins, 3 dozen for 5c.

T. M. French Blacking, 9c. Cooking Soda at 5c.

Six cakes large Sweet Soap for 25c.

Crumb Trays and Brushes for 25c.

Painted Cupidors for 10c. Brass Trays for 9c.

Parker's Coffee Mills 74c. Silver's Patent Roasters.

Marion Harland Coffee Pots. Kitchen Knives 14c.

Chamois Skins at 18c.

### Complete with New Goods:

Toys at The Fair. Willow Ware at The Fair.

Dolls at The Fair. Wagons at The Fair.

Rubber Toys at The Fair. Games at The Fair.

The Fair is become the leading Southern house for excellent goods at moderate prices. One-price-reliable—plain—open—figures—wide—awake—methods—prompt-delivery are cardinal points at

### THE FAIR.

SOLE AGENTS P. & P. KID GLOVE

T. N. WINSLOW,

(AMERICAN NOTION CO.)

HAS JUST OPENED

1,000 Very Nobby

CLOAKS

—AND—

REEFERS

—FOR—

Infants and Children

—FOR—

Fall and Winter

Please bring in your little folks and have them fitted, as many of the styles are original and the prices correct.

### THE NEW GOODS

—AND—

ROLLING IN

And each day you should visit us and see the new attractions.

—THE—  
Hosiery, Glove

—AND—

Underwear Departments

Are filled with just such goods as

YOU WANT.

T. N. WINSLOW

(American Notion Company),  
28 WHITEHALL STREET.



SILK, STIFF AND SOFT FELT HATS  
NOW READY.

There are more MILLER HATS worn in New York by the stylish trade than any hat in the market.

A. O. M. GAY & SON,  
SOLE AGENCY MILLER HATS.

ATLANTA.

BOLLES & BRUCKNER'S

School-Book Depository

Fathers and mothers can rely upon having their children promptly waited upon during the rush for School Books.

Spacious store and attentive clerks.

All kinds of School Supplies at lowest prices.

MARIETTA ST.

Nearly opposite the artesian well.

REGISTER

For State, County and National election. A. P. Stewart, Tax Collector and Registrar.

## THE NEW MAGAZINES.

Something About the Contents of the September Periodicals.

## ANOTHER NEW SOUTHERN MONTHLY.

The Old Homestead—Fetter's Southern Magazine—A Review of Miss Ruthford's "English Authors."

A new aspirant for public favor has entered the magazine field. Founded on a theory which has in it an element of patriotism, and disregarding the long literary list of its forerunners, it has boasted the name of "Southern Magazine" at its mouthhead, and boldly laid claim to a province which no former occupant has long been able to hold against adversity. Now out in its second issue it has that virtue in appearance and make which will command it to magazine readers. Its stories and articles are all well selected, and when we consider that its files as far consist of two numbers and that it has not yet had time to discover and gather about it its own staff of original contributors, the hope which it inspires for its future is with reason strong.

The scope given it is that of a review. It devotes much space to fiction, but science, politics and religion have their share of attention. It professes no school, parties or theories. In this way it has abandoned the old literary periodical standard and has adopted the policy of the new class of magazines of which The Arena is the bold example. Its claim is that it can maintain a high standard and continue to draw its material from the south. About this there can be no good reason for doubt. The magazine will find many friends and it is our hope that it may win its way to success.

Prominently first among its stories for September is "The Verdict in the Case of Dr. Nerf." The story is boldly original and is the best insanity tale that has been told in many a day. Dr. Nerf, a specialist in nervous and mental diseases, gravely states to many of the members of the Pendergrass Club that David Armstrong, a fellow member, has under cover of professional confidence confessed to an insane desire to poison the whole membership. The accusation and the emphatic disavowal of such intention or confession on the part of Armstrong, is the sensation of the day, and the excitement is intensified by the subsequent proceedings in the courtroom.

"The physical and metaphysical facts in regard to the young men, as brought out by investigation, were as follows:

"David Armstrong; profession, law; age, thirty years; complexion, fair; temperament, excitable; honor, unimpeachable; ancestry, untailed; saved by eccentricity on the part of an uncle relative several generations removed; standing accused by Dr. Nerf of having confessed, under the seal of the latter's profession, to a homicidal impulse which so dominated him as to destroy his freedom of will and render a manifold impression contingent upon so fortuitous a detail as opportunity."

"Dr. Nerf; profession, specialist of nervous diseases; age, twenty-nine years; complexion, dark; temperament, melancholic; honor, unimpeachable; ancestry, strongly marked by hereditary nervousness; standing counter-accused by David Armstrong of a false and irresponsible charge emanating from a brain disorder by excessive and injudicious study."

The intricate details of an insanity trial follow, and then comes the verdict:

"The verdict, as rendered by the jury after a quarter of an hour's absence, was: 'We the jury, summande de lunaire in regard to the case of Dr. Armstrong v. Dr. Nerf, find Dr. Nerf of the mind of an insane upon his own specialty! was there ever

"A bad quarter of an hour happily ended. Armstrong observed with a laugh and shrug."

The doors of the asylum open to receive

the specialist, and in its gloomy walls he has opportunity to study lunacy in more realistic and less theoretical forms. Then comes the dramatic climax:

"In a hospital containing a thousand or more cases of insanity representing almost every phase of the disease, Dr. Nerf had no objects for study and foot for thought ad infinitum, and perhaps ad nescium, and possibly in time to his own mortal overthrow, had not—

"The occasion was a banquet given in honor of a distinguished foreign guest. Not a member of the asylum save Dr. Nerf, and he not through the absent of the absent. When or not through the absent of the absent, behind iron bars and locked in his narrow quarters, crossed their minds in the midst of the gay reveling, while wit and wine flowed, and laughter and brilliant toasts were cut short by clinking glasses, he was remembered for a surety long toward the wee sma' hours when to a faint meaning that was to remain a bright jewel in memory's chain of experience, a simultaneous toast drunk from a bountiful bowl of skillfully concocted punch, smiling lips were set in pain, and eyes sought eyes with dawning terror, while the parched throat gained the terrible sign of the word 'Poison.'

This briefly outlined, is a story which would do credit to any magazine. It is one of the striking stories of the month.

Under the title of "Blasphemy in Religion" Sam Jones comes in for a round scolding at the hands of the author of "The Old Homestead." Of course, Mr. Smith has it all his own way, but should Sam take up the cudgel he would doubtless come out of a war of words as unscathed as he did in the physical bout when in a one-round go he bested the one-gallon mayor of Palestine, Texas. The question remains, however, if Mr. Smith is one held by many of the orthodox, and if at times the writer does not fully hold up his line of argument there are paragraphs and sentences which are forcible statements of what many believe to be a fair opinion on modern evangelistic preachers as exemplified by Jones under the general cover of his title he takes Sam as his type and text. Of him he says:

"In national contemplation he sits by the side of Bill Nye, and Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain, as an American humorist. What Sam Slick was to the yankies, in direct form in absence in silly ways of doing things—such as the one in which Sam Jones is to the southerners. Sam Slick coined money out of his 'Blue nose.' In his day before the war, Sam Jones, after the war, coined money out of the red nose. Each of them put caricatures in words just as nowadays artists do in

cartoons. Each of them shot at Folly as it flies, and brought it down."

"But the Puritan paused when the church steeple came in sight, and the Georgian basked in its shadow while he blasphemed."

After arguing for a fair hearing for all faiths and beliefs, and showing the injustice of the shams of those holding different religious views, he says:

"It might multiply instances of the charity and broad humanity of infidels until this article would contain nothing else. But from this one sermon of Sam Jones's I could extract more narrowness, more ignorance, more blasphemy than can be found in all the writings of all the infidels who have survived their generation or will survive it."

"Yes, that old sot is going to hell, too. That is pretty tough on you old red-nosed devils, but it is the truth. 'A horse that's got spots on him will begin to kick before he begins to run. Now you kick, and I will run.' (Laughter.) You can fight and run. (Laughter.) He has rather rub up against anything in the country than a skunk. (Laughter.) He just pours it all over you. These are some of the gems of Sam Jonesism, selected from a single sermon as reported verbatim by an expert stenographer."

"The critics readers will say that such matter is unfit for the columns of a newspaper, much less the pages of a magazine, and we would not suffer it on these pages save for the necessity compelling the book to show what it is which we so heartily condemn. To believe that such a man as Jones is good enough to be heard from the pulpit is good enough to be printed by the editor who protests against it. If it is good enough to meet with applause and laughter from an assemblage of Christians met together for the purpose of worshiping God, and believing that you are in His service by listening to such rubbish, it is too bad for the wicked world to read?"

"And therein comes the kernel of the poisonous fruit. Wrong doing from a secular source at once meets with the opposition of all religious people. There is no hesitation in questioning, no faltering in the good cause, but a palpable contempt which sinks too strongly of every day life, even though it be not the utterance of the pulpit, takes from the solemnity of the sacrifice. Somehow we all associate preaching with the idea of worship, so that the preacher becomes to our imagination a superior being, an anointed priest, whose words are of infinite worth. His words taste of the sweet or the dunghill we spit them out of our mouths, and together with them cast out the religion which he teaches. It is wrong of us, but more than half the wrong belongs to him. The young man, or young girl, who reads such a sermon as that, and who hereinfore sincerely believed that the best and highest religions thought to be attained. He, or she, sees it is the most popular, and therefore it has upon it the seal of righteousness, put there by a righteous congregation. But, in comparison with this, Strauss and Renan are scholars, Bölling and Bacon and Volney and Voltaire and Darwin are respectable, and Michelet and the theosophists are really charming. Even Ingolds and his unscholarly followers meet with a hearty welcome."

\* \* \*

"Nowhere in this life of Jesus—is it true or false that any man found a single fact to prove that he was wrong. In His birth and in His death, in His resurrection and in His ascension, in His actions, in His birth and in the manger to His death on the cross He was always the gentleman. Had He ever once been guilty of Sam Jonesism there would be no Christian religion today, and what the world would have been without His presence and His influence, we could only conjecture."

"There must be somewhere a doctrine; in whatever church you choose, to be let that doctrine predominate. You can go to amiss. To the charlatan and the hypocrite you owe nothing. But whatever you find to do it—and avoid Sam-Jonesism in religion."

"To the Jesuits and to the Presbyterians it is due to say that they have not been troubled in this way. To them, decency and respectability have become the things of every day life. They know little of such troubles as I have described. Yet elsewhere this night of insanity has come."

"That man should seek God as a tramp. How he shall best find the faith, no one of us can tell. But when he respects, and treats respectfully any other man's religion, he is very near to heaven. At any rate, in contention, vilification is surely of the devil, and when we turn from the pulpit must take the consequences."

"These two articles give a fair idea of the scope of the magazine. They, of course, are but two items in a table of contents which is uniformly good. 'Uncle Harry's Prayer' is a fervid extravaganza uttered by a negro preacher at a hanging, which is probably a good article, but it is not clear that it could be made up, and those who have heard a negro preacher in full swing will not doubt its authenticity on account of its extravagance. 'The Irish Case' is discussed by Mr. R. J. O'Mahony, who drafted the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National League. 'The Fiduciary of Llywelyn Cave,' a legend of western North Carolina, by Witherpoon Evans, is well told. The poems selected are good. The magazine is published in Louisville, Ky., its full title being Fetter's Southern Magazine."

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The Old Homestead for the current month comes in unchanged form. The old design of cover is retained, but it has been reduced to the regulation magazine size. It is up to its usual high standard in all departments, some of the articles being of unusual interest. Dr. J. W. Lee's article, "Maximilian and Carlotta," is a romantic tale of the world's rise and fall of the Mexican empire. The illustrations are the work of Mr. John A. Williams, Jr., a historic bit of sketching worth preservation. A sketch of Mrs. Mary E. Bryant by Mr. E. M. Duane, a biological and critical essay about a southern woman who has made her name a household word through whose country, and whose able editorial work has done much to bring The Old Homestead to its present standard. "A Child's Thesaurus" by Preston C. West is the idyllic day book of the world's most popular children. It is a pathetic little sketch of childhood sorrow. The continued stories and departments are excellent, and bear evidence of the high purpose of the magazine's managers to carry its improvement forward to the goal of complete excellence, purpose for it.

J. N. C.

"The Modern Parish," a story of the south, by Francis Fontaine, at Bolles & Bruckner's.

Mr. Francis Fontaine, the author of "The Modern Parish," does not come unknown before the readers of the country in this, his second, novel. Those who read "Elijah" will remember how well he reads a story and how strongly he performs the double task of weaving a romance and at the same time presenting in their light the social questions of the day.

In "The Modern Parish" the story is of a girl, an Atlanta girl, who, by a strange

mechanism, has lost her race identity and has come under the ban of the suspicion of African taint. Adopted by a rich northern gentleman and lady, she never knows of her origin, until it becomes known to her just before her marriage. The way in which proof of her pure Caucasian blood came out is a long story, well told. The plot, so far as it relates to well told, is that of "The Canterbury Tales," though written in the domain of life, and under the pressure of pecuniary distress, as is rich in humor as it is full of pathos, and treble with worldly wisdom. His sympathy with Wycliffe and the reformation outcrop in "The Canterbury Tales." The picture which he draws of the Benedictines is exhibited in great detail, and fasting. He reminds us of the "holy clerk of Copmanhurst," who regarded the black knights, as the readers of "Ivanhoe" will remember, not with the Te Deum Laudamus, but with:

Long durst the sandal, the cord and the rope, the cord of the devil and trust of the pope. To gather life's roses uncouth by the briar is granted alone to the bare-footed friar.

Mr. Fontaine is a man of business, who finds in literary work the recreation of his leisure moments. His work shows traces of study of ethnological and scientific subjects not altogether common novelties. His conclusions, as far as racial questions go, are altogether southern, and he brings to their support arguments instead of mere prejudice. The book has already excited comment at the north, and will doubtless be widely discussed there as a statement of southern belief and conviction on some questions which are viewed differently by the two sections.

Dr. Eustace W. Speer, who for years filled the chair of belle letters and rhetoric at the University of Georgia, and who is one of the most cultured scholars in the south and one recognized as an authority on English literature, has written the following interesting review of Miss Mildred Rutherford's "English Authors":

Dr. Speer's Review.

Editor Constitution—If "what is fit is fine," Miss Mildred Rutherford's "English Authors" deserves to be classed with books that are fine.

There are many works of the kind that are more voluminous and some more learned, but we have seen none so admirably fitted to attract and interest the young, or so likely to awaken and foster within them that taste for reading and research which will exalt them to an intellectual companionship with the most illustrious minds of all ages and lands.

It has often been remarked that whoever has learned to read possesses the key of knowledge. This may be, and doubtless is, true, but it is none the less true that only those who have acquired an ardent love for books will unlock the portals of the temple of letters, and explore its crowded alcoves, and enrich themselves with treasures more valuable than all the wealth of Aladdin's cave.

"No master pen I see," said Channing, "no master through the prolixity of my own life will not enter my shadow dwelling. I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship of Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the gates of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom."

Franklin tells us himself, in his charming autobiography, that it was not the culture of the school, but his passionate fondness for reading which prepared him for his wonderful career as a philosopher and statesman. The crystal purity of his style, which did not impair his wit, was attributed to the study of an odd volume of "Addison's Spectator," which fell, by accident, into his hands.

Education indeed is the great factor in the development of a man, but it is not the only factor. The education of the mind is not confined to schoolrooms, or lecture rooms. The taste for self-culture remains, even on long after pedagogues and professors have spanked their backs, and dismissed their pupils. It has been more generally accredited, for it seems to be corroborated by an obvious allusion to the Lucifer of Charlevoix, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Finally, whether he died as seriously as Addison, or not, he died as nobly as he lived, cut off as he lay in his bed.

Even German critics of the first rank, Lessing, Goethe, Schlegel, Koenig, have acknowledged him not only as the poet par excellence of England, but as the poet par excellence of the whole civilized world.

The Shakespearian sketch in "The English Authors" reminds us of the curious fact suggested in Hallman's "Literature of Europe," that in Little more than names, the very existence of Homer has been denied, and Shakespeare is singularly deficient in a definite personality. The date of his birth is conjectural, the very orography of his name is uncertain. We have no positive information as to the authorship of his plays, or the date of his acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama.

Whether he wielded the cleaver of a butcher, or the pen of a scrivener, or the birch of a pedagogue, we know not. The old tradition that he had an illicit partiality for the venison of Charlevoix park, has been scouted as incompatible with the reverence of the Elizabethan drama. Yet no associate of his early life has been more generally accredited, for it seems to be corroborated by an obvious allusion to the Lucifer of Charlevoix, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Finally, whether he died as seriously as Addison, or not, he died as nobly as he lived, cut off as he lay in his bed.

It is not often that the attempt to be skillful in the accomplishment of a textbook is so skillfully accomplished as in "The English Authors." The plan of Miss Rutherford's book includes a biographical and critical sketch of the eminent writers who figure in its pages; with choice extracts from their most famous productions. There is a charming naivete about her style which makes it a model of didactic composition, designed for schoolrooms, or lecture rooms. The taste for self-culture remains, even on long after pedagogues and professors have spanked their backs, and dismissed their pupils. It has been more generally accredited, for it seems to be corroborated by an obvious allusion to the Lucifer of Charlevoix, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Finally, whether he died as seriously as Addison, or not, he died as nobly as he lived, cut off as he lay in his bed.

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It is almost superfluous to say that Miss Rutherford does not expose the Baconian theory. She holds it in her hand, but she does not believe it. She is not in the creation of his son, of Ethelwolf, and his brave defense of his country against Scandinavian pagans, than we know of King Henry IV, and the War of the Roses.

Every boy and girl who has read the story of the disguised hero and the searching fable, will join us in saying almost in the words of Whittier:

"Green forever the memory be, Of the Welsh monk of the old country. Who, even his errors glorified him."

By the clouds shadows which o'er it glide."

The more elaborate sketches of our authors begin with Chancery. A man of great learning, he was the author of his "Liber," his "Othello"; in his "Palace" and Mercutio, in his "Imogen" and Portia; and that in thus knowing him, we recognize the greatest dramatic genius the world has ever seen. She also believes that in the mind of Chancery, there is the greatest dramatic genius of all time. The author of "The Merchant of Venice" is derived from rich and varied culture, from foreign travel and from much experience as an instructor of youth. She has produced a textbook on English literature which should not only be used in the schools, but become a house book. She has written a book on the Elizabethan drama, and that is the most interesting of her works.

For students of English literature it would be impossible to recommend any book which would be followed with greater confidence, with superior advantages or with equal pleasure.

EUSTACE W. SPEER.

"Frauds and Falsehoods of the Republican Party." H. J. Smith & Co., Chicago.

With the opening of the great political contest campaign literature becomes rife throughout the land. Among the advance guard of such publications comes "Frauds and Falsehoods of the Republican Party."

One feels, on reading the title, that if the book comes up to its name it has done quite well.

There is certainly no mincing of words about it, and the scope of its pronouncements is as broad as the heaven above.

The book is compiled expressly for campaign purposes. In it there is much valuable information, giving in quotations from congressional debates, statistics on financial questions, biographical notes, the history of parties, the tariff, etc. There seems to be little original or definite method of arrangement, but the general character will be convincing to readers, and which can be used effectively on the stump. It lacks neither in vehement support of democracy nor in vehement denunciation of republicanism, depending at times somewhat on general vehemence than logic, but this is an error. Billings' "Democrat" reader can forgive it. If the book is a useful and timely publication.

part in the Sabbath symphonies of the Christian world.

"There is the 'Muse of Twickenham' the 'English Horns' deformed in body, tritributed in temple, but the most brilliant declaimer and moralizer in verse known to the English tongue.

And there is Pope's friend,

the Irish dean, Jonathan Swift, the Rabelais of England, whose "Gulliver's Travels" are as marvelous as any of the adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

And there is Johnson, the great lexicographer, whose massive intellect, pomp and power of rhetoric, caustic criticism and wonderful colloquial powers have found a fitting record in Boswell's pages.

And there is the lowly Goldsmith, "who wrote like an angel and talked like a fool." To him we owe "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Sweetest Poem," the most popular comedy, the most exquisite novel produced in its day

## LIBERTY HALL

Is the Scene of the First of  
the Great Debates.

SIX THOUSAND WERE THERE

And Both Speakers Were Given Plenty  
of Applause

WATSON'S PLATFORM GAVE WAY AGAIN

But Tom Has Little Regard for Plat-  
forms or Principles.

THE DEMOCRATS HAD THE CROWD.

Black's Raging and Aggressive Speech  
Shows Watson Up—Scenes as Sketched  
by The Constitution's Artist.

Crawfordville, Ga., September 3.—(Special)—Under the shade of the great old oaks of "Liberty Hall," within a few yards of the grave of the lamented, illustrious "commoner," Alexander H. Stephens, was today the greatest political gathering Georgia has known in many years.

In the entire history of the state it is hardly probable that such a vast throng of people has ever congregated to hear a political debate. It was to be a battle between the representative of the grand old democratic party and the chieftain of the new "people's party." Both parties were eager to have the largest representation as an encouragement to their leaders. The followers of both turned out. No man who could come failed. There were 6,000 men here. They filled the grounds. Several thousand could hear nothing, but all remained. All were enthusiastic. All joined in the applause of their respective leaders and each side attempted to outdo the other in display of lung power.

The crowds commenced coming in last night. Farmers drove in, buggies and

wagons and rode horses and mules from all over this county and all the surrounding counties. Some came fifty miles through the country—two days' journey. Then trainload after trainload of people came in from Augusta, Atlanta, Athens, Macon, Washington and all the stations along the various branches of the Georgia road. To the Crawfordville it seemed that all the world was being emptied into the little town.

Bands played lively airs, banners bearing catchy inscriptions floated to the breezes over the heads of enthusiastic voters, campaign songs, sang to no particular airs and in discordant voices, rent the air; lusty cheering vibrated the foliage of the stately old oaks of the usually quiet village and put the birds to flight; but it all went to make up a scene the like of which Georgia has never known—the gathering of the clans preparatory to the battle of the ballots.

Both sides were busy estimating the strength of the other. That the democracy had the majority of the crowd no one doubted, but the third party people claimed to have a large majority of the Taliaferro county men and nearly all the farmers. They did have the majority of the farmers and of the negroes, though the negro played but little part in the vast meeting. He was relegated to the rear and spent his time about the sandwich and lemonade stands, occasionally joining in the cheering.

The debate commenced shortly after 10 o'clock. As early as 8 o'clock the third party farmers commenced congregating about the stand erected under the spreading boughs of a great oak.

Neither Major Black nor Mr. Watson arrived until shortly before the debate began. When they went to the stand perhaps 4,000 people were already there. Two thousand came in on the excursion trains later. There were no decorations on the stand and no roof covered it. It was a hundred yards from the mansion. The men had crowded about it so early that the ladies were forced to congregate upon the porches of the houses and upon an elevation fifty yards from the stand. From these points they saw, but heard little.

Just before the debate opened an enthusiastic and agile follower of Mr. Watson climbed one of the great trees and amid the cheer of the crowd perched himself upon a limb almost overhead the speakers. He was not there to make a noise, but was a quiet, good-natured fellow, who seemed to want to hear and to learn. He applauded Watson loudly and gave strict attention to Major Black. He listened silently but attentively to the great orator's arraignment of the man he had been following blindly, and before

he had finished was applauding him more earnestly than he had applauded Watson. He had been converted. How many other converts there were no one can tell. This man was looked upon as a barometer by many democrats.

Mr. Watson was far more conservative than he had been in his former campaign speeches. He seemed to realize that he had a giant to contend with and declined to tread on untried ground. Still he made a speech that enthused his followers and they cheered him with the best the lungs would stand.

Mr. Watson began his speech upon the stand where he was high enough for the crowd to see him and hear him, but before he had concluded the weak stand gave way, careened and fell under the weight upon it. But no one was hurt. Mr. Watson with agility mounted a table and lost no time in going on.

Major Black was forced to make his entire speech from the table with his head but little above the crowd. Not more than half the audience could see him, barely a fourth could hear him, yet Major Black delivered a powerful arraignment of Watson and his teachings. He was enthused and his audience enthused with him. His oratory, his characterization of Watson, his exposure of his teachings was masterful. His language was both eloquent and eloquent. The great audience cheered him wildly. His friends were enthusiastic. The followers of Watson could look upon him only with admiration and listen to him with a feeling of pride that Georgia was the home of such a grand, glorious, eloquent, manly man.

Mr. Watson's fifteen minutes reply was fiery and eloquent. It was his best speech and enthused his followers more than his first. When he had concluded they crowded around him in great numbers and carried him off in their arms.

Here is a detailed report of the debate: Mr. Horace Holden presided over the meeting and introduced the speakers.

Mr. Watson's Speech.

Mr. Watson began his speech by reading from the Atlanta Chronicle of this morning an editorial which referred to him by calling that Mr. Watson "is ever confronted by the consciousness that he stands before his fellow citizens a political pariah and social Ishmaelite; then Mr. Watson's conscience will be his enemy and scourge today."

"We command to Major Black the thought—'Who saves his country, saves all things, and all things saved will bless him.'

"While Mr. Watson may be chaste by the reflection that—'Who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying curse him.'

"Who was the author of these words?" said Mr. Watson. "Benjamin H. Hill, who said, 'If I was ever a democrat I didn't go to be! Ben Hill, who was first a whig, and left that party to become a know-nothing; who stampeded the state against the democrats, and who wrote to Mr. Crittenden that the time had come for the formation of a new party. It is characteristic of democratic imbecility to quote a man against me who was never my friend, and who never cared for me; who never cared for causes, and who changed his party three times to my once to principle? No man has been denounced so bitterly as I. I was born near here, and if any of my fellow citizens ever believed me to be a scoundrel, I have never heard of it; and all things saved will bless him.'

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"What else? I ran for congress as a democrat. While I ran in the democratic party, I was in the "People's party."

Just at this point 1,000 democrats from Atlanta and along the road came through the hill behind a band playing Dixie and Mr. Watson was forced to discontinue.

In front of the army of democrats was a great banner bearing the pictures of Aleck Stephens and Black, lined together by a purple ribbon. Below the pictures was the motto: "Stephens is the word, 'The Commander,' beneath that of Black, 'The Private,' and below that, 'The Private' still arranged. When it hove in sight all the vast crowd that had congregated around the stand turned and gave vent to loud and prolonged cheering.

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## THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY  
The Daily, per page ..... \$ 0.00  
The Sunday (50 to 55 Pages) ..... 2.00  
The Daily and Sunday, per year ..... 2.00  
The Weekly, per year (12 Pages) ..... 1.00  
All editions sent Postpaid to any address.  
At these rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles. We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will do so under no circumstances, unless accompanied by return postage.

KNOLLES & HOLLOWAY,  
Eastern Advertising Agents.

Address: CONSTITUTION BUILDING, Atlanta, Ga.

12 CENTS PER WEEK

FOR THE DAILY CONSTITUTION, or 50 cents per week for the Sunday. Postage paid for DAILY and SUNDAY CONSTITUTION, or 50 cents per calendar month, delivered to any address by mail in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name as soon as possible.

Where to Find The Constitution.

The CONSTITUTION can be found on sale as follows:

New York—Brentano's, No. 5 Union Square  
Cincinnati—J. E. Hawley, 105 Vine street  
Washington—Metropolitans .....  
Paris—Anglo-American reading room, Chausse-e-d'Antin and Rue Mazarine.

## Twenty-Four Pages

ATLANTA, GA., September 4, 1892.

In the Shade of Liberty Hall.

The Georgians who assembled yesterday at Crawfordville and in the shade of Liberty Hall heard the joint debate between Black and Watson, must have found the scene suggestive of many picturesque and stirring memories.

On that historic spot many of the gray-haired men, who were present yesterday, had the good fortune in other days to hear Georgia's greatest commoner, Alexander H. Stephens, the statesman and sage who made his home the Mecca to which the eyes of millions of patriotic Americans were turned. It must have gratified these survivors of the bitter days of the republic to hear the sound doctrines of their Jeffersonian fathers expounded by the eloquent and chivalrous Black and much that he said must have reminded them of the old-time speeches of Stephens when he was at his best; but when they looked upon Watson and listened to his bitter and selfish partisanship and his appeals to passions, prejudices and interests which should never be played upon in a political campaign, humiliation and resentment have taken the place of every other feeling.

Tom Watson, speaking where the Sage of Liberty Hall often stood, with a nation waiting to hear his prophetic words!

Such contrasts occur in life—it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and why should it be more than a step from the patriotic to the partisan—from the statesman to the demagogue?

But it is well that Watson should unbosom himself and his knightly opponent know how to draw him out before massing his vast resources of facts, illustrations and arguments to overwhelm and crush him.

And it is well that this discomfiture of the third party leader took place right there in the shade of Liberty Hall!

The debate, so fully covered in today's Constitution by Mr. E. W. Barrett and Mr. I. N. Craig, our special correspondents, and pictured by our special artist, Mr. Ernest Wilkinson, speaks for itself.

Watson is an apostle of discontent. Calamity is his stock in trade. He tries to inflame those who are already excited, and he would make those more disaffected who are never contented. His mission is to discourage and destroy and not to harmonize and build up. His utterances provoke disorder instead of summoning men together in the interests of a common country and a common brotherhood. He is the product of some of the worst and most dangerous political delusions of the age, and his cheap demagogic vanishes like a vapor before the sun of light.

How different in his principles and his methods was the great commoner Stephens was the friend and counselor of his people. He was an apostle of sweetness and light, of peace and order. His was a life of pain and work, and the midnight lamp found him studying great problems and planning for the welfare of his countrymen. His advocacy of Jeffersonian democracy and his clear presentation of our right to home rule did more than anything else after the war to roll back the tide of centralization. In public and in private life his wisdom aided the people in their material advancement. He never arrayed class against class, and while no man was more positive in his views concerning the respective rights and duties of the two races, he was loved and honored by whites and blacks alike. He was so gentle and just, so wise and so great that the clamor of partisan strife was hushed when he made his appearance. Men instinctively felt that he spoke from a conscience of right and they believed him.

Is the man who now represents that district following in his footsteps? Look at his political creed, his teachings, his methods, and look forward to their probable results and then answer the question!

Watson should keep away from the home of Stephens. His visit there suggests too many comparisons, and he will realize the fact that comparisons are odious!

The Duty of a Newspaper.

The last editorial written by the late George William Curtis was under the above caption, and it was a plea for the full and fair exercise of the chief function of a great newspaper.

Mr. Curtis protested against the custom of giving only a one-sided view of a campaign. He believed in presenting the public with a truthful picture of the con-

test on both sides, and as an illustration of a model newspaper in this respect he cited the London Times, which accurately reports the chief speeches on both sides with "truthful accounts of the size and spirit of the meetings."

He said, in commenting on the policy of The New York World to print the news without suppression or prejudice:

The Times is not friendly to Mr. Gladstone, but it will open its columns to all that he says, and neither belittle nor satirize his meetings. The feeling of the crowd and their reception of the orators will be photographed, and that the reader will know that he understands the situation.

This is the function of a great newspaper. This is to be a mirror of the times. Whatever the editorial sympathies of a paper may be, if it permits them to distort and misrepresent the news, it abuses its trust. Yet in the heat of a political campaign how many newspapers are guilty of that abuse?

It is to be hoped that these farewell words of one of the fairest and ablest of American journalists will leave a lasting impression. The Constitution several weeks ago had an editorial on the same line, and its readers will bear it out in the claim that we are faithfully trying to make it "a mirror of the times." Especially is this true of the present campaign. No meeting of interest occurs anywhere in our territory that is not fairly and accurately reported, whether it is a joint debate at Crawfordville between Black and Watson or a similar occasion in Alabama or South Carolina. The Constitution has members of its staff on the spot and we give both sides, or, in other words, print the news and comment on it vigorously in our editorial columns.

The policy of suppressing campaign news is out of date. The intelligent voters of this generation want to know what their opponents are saying and doing, and they expect a genuine newspaper to furnish the news.

Such enterprise on the part of a daily newspaper, with its special correspondents, and its liberal use of the wires, is expensive, but after all it pays. And, in fact, it is the only way to run a great newspaper!

Atlanta's Rapidly Increasing Wealth

The fact has not escaped the attention of our readers that the assessed value of the property in this county for the present year amounts to the handsome aggregate of \$57,000,000.

Now it is understood that when we speak of the wealth of Fulton county we mean Atlanta, as the city with its suburbs practically embraces the county.

For a young city, which was entirely destroyed, with the exception of a few dwellings, in 1865, this is a remarkable showing, and it stands unrivaled in the south.

The assessed value of all the property in the state of Georgia amounts to \$445,000,000. So it will be seen that Atlanta, or Fulton county, owns nearly one-eighth of the whole wealth of the state.

But our progress will be more fully apparent when we glance backward a dozen years. In 1880, according to the federal census report for that year, Atlanta, or Fulton county, was worth \$20,545,525. In twelve years our wealth has been almost trebled!

These figures may well excite wonder. At this rate of increase we may expect to see at the end of another dozen years a city and county worth over \$150,000,000!

We are not going to make any definite predictions in figures, but if taxbooks, census reports and other official documents mean anything, it is safe to say that in a very few years Atlanta will be the largest and wealthiest, as she is already the best built and best paved, city in the south.

Atlanta and progress are two words that express the same idea!

The Alliance in Two States.

We again call the attention of the alliancemen in this state to the condition of the alliance in South Carolina as compared with the status of the order elsewhere.

In South Carolina the farmers very wisely concluded to make their fight inside of the democratic party. This policy resulted in their success. They swept the field and held all the offices. The third party is not known in the state and the enemies of the alliance have nowhere to go but to the republican party.

Now, suppose Tillman had let his farmer friends off into the third party? He would now be left floundering about like the leaders of the opposition to him in his state at the present time, instead of having the whole state government at his back, as he has at present. Governor Tillman's position enables him to greatly benefit his state, and if he fails it will be his fault.

In Georgia, with but few exceptions, where the alliancemen have stuck to the democratic party and made their fight inside the lines, they have been successful.

But for ambitious and designing men who wanted to run the alliance for selfish purposes, the alliance would have been as prosperous in this state as it is in South Carolina. Here in Georgia, however, a lot of scheming politicians have got hold of the order, and the sooner the alliancemen shake off the barnacles the better it will be for the farmers and all parties concerned.

Support the Democratic Candidates

There have been various hints and rumors to the effect that Rev. Sam Jones will go into the campaign in the seventh district in behalf of the third party candidate. Ordinarily The Constitution pays little heed to the gossip that the winds set about, but the hints and rumors to which we refer are so persistent that it seems both wise and prudent to call attention to them, particularly since Mr. Jones has not put a stop to these rumors by death.

We trust they are unfounded. We see

no reason why Mr. Jones should descend from the pulpit, in which he is so effective and in which he has won a deserved reputation, to further a scheme which has for its purpose the division of the white people of Georgia in the interest of republicanism. That is the end and aim of the third party movement in Georgia. We do not say that it is the intention of the honest farmers who lean toward the third party to bolster up republicanism, but we do say that this will be the inevitable result of the movement, which is based on the dissatisfaction and disappointment that have been recently manifested by the farmers—provided that the movement has any measure of success.

Mr. Jones, who has a very engaging individuality and a corresponding sense of the ridiculous, cannot fail to put his finger on the weak spot in the third party movement—the fatal defect in the logic of its existence. Not so many moons ago he was engaged in his capacity of occasional correspondent in criticizing The Constitution because it seemed to differ with some of its democratic brethren on the question of party nomination for president. Mr. Jones was for Cleveland and displayed an extraordinary amount of enthusiasm in that direction. It is not necessary, we hope, to tell him that the third party movement in every manifestation that it makes is bitterly opposed to Mr. Cleveland and to the policy that Mr. Cleveland represents.

Dr. Felton reduces the animus of the movement to a pointed phrase when he declares that he would as soon vote for the devil as Mr. Cleveland. This is putting the alternative with extreme bitterness, but it undoubtedly represents the feelings of the few who permit their prejudices to blind them to the real issues of the campaign, and to the real purpose behind the third party movement. Because a democratic faction has been successful in postponing action on the free coinage bill—action that would have been futile in any event—democratic like Dr. Felton would destroy the party by refusing to participate in the election and turn the country over to the control of the republicans and their Wall street agents.

The reasonable and fair interpretation to be placed on Mr. Cleveland's utterances in regard to free coinage is that, in common with some of the most distinguished bimetallists in this country and in Europe, he would have the United States cease its coinage experiments and permit the single gold standard nations to suffer the consequences of silver demonetization, and it should be borne in mind that Mr. Cleveland's view is that of many distinguished men who are not in favor of the single gold standard.

We have good reason to believe that Mr. Cleveland's position on the silver question is that of Senator Carlisle. If we are correct in this, his views are not in the slightest degree obnoxious to those who believe in free coinage.

The whole truth is there is not the slightest excuse for the third party movement in the south, and not the slightest reason why any southern democrat, no matter what his views may be with regard to questions of policy, should refuse to support the democratic candidates.

An Independent Candidate.

It is definitely announced that the Hon. Seaborn Wright will decline to be the candidate of those dissatisfied and short-sighted voters in the seventh district, who are making an effort to destroy the democratic organization, and that he will be an independent candidate.

Ordinarily The Constitution would hasten to congratulate Mr. Wright for his promptness in declining the doubtful honor of representing unreasoning and illogical opposition to the democratic party; but this pleasure is to be denied us. Mr. Wright, in spite of the assault that is to be made on the party, declares that he will be an independent democratic candidate. In other words, while he will not accept the third party nomination, he will do all in his power to divide and weaken the democratic organization, and thereby strengthen and make powerful the coalition which the republicans and the third party are sure to form in the seventh district. He refused to wound himself in one part of his political anatomy, but turns and stabs himself deeply in another.

We do not at this juncture perceive any material or moral difference between opposing the democratic party openly as a third party candidate and opposing it as an independent candidate.

In the very nature of things, the question of democratic organization at the south goes deeper than party policy—deeper than the mere conventional principles with which parties equip themselves.

Those who are inclined to disregard the suggestions of safety can readily find the necessity of unity in the fact that men of diverse views and opinions on all the issues of the hour except one call themselves democrats and submit to the discipline which party organization imposes.

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Mr. Wright is pleasing his enemies and disappointing his friends, and he will realize the fact that the advice which The Constitution has given him is sound and reasonable. He will realize that he is now making the mistake of his life.

On the Dance!

When the ill-fated Moravia approached the New York quarantine station the other day the young men and women among the passengers were dancing on deck to a lively tune, although they knew that under their flying feet were twenty-two dead and dying victims of the cholera!

In his "Mysteries of Paris" Eugene Sue describes the insane jollity of the people during the prevalence of the Asiatic plague in that city. Thousands went about their work and business and gave themselves up to a desperate and delirious carnival of dissipation. Day and night their frolics went on until it became literally a dance of death.

The Albany News and Advertiser, under the management of Messrs. Hawk & Prout, shows a steady growth and a number of new features. Most of the young men who are now coming out of the paper are experienced newspapermen and in their new field are sure to add to their already excellent journalistic reputations.

The Albany News and Advertiser is one of the most interesting papers in our city.

We trust they are unfounded. We see

peril by plunging into excesses of every sort. "On with the dance" is their cry, just as it was the other day with the youngsters on the Moravia. Such unlively exhibitions of hilarity are ghastly in the extreme, but they do not indicate heartlessness or indifference. They simply show that the participants in these revels are driven by their abject terror to the verge of insanity. It was a crowd of heavy-hearted dancers on that ship of death whose coming sent a cold shudder through New York a day or two ago, and they merit pity more than censure.

The Grand Lodge of Red Men.

On the 13th of September the national representatives of the Improved Order of Red Men will hold their convention in Atlanta, the occasion being explained by ex-Graham Robert T. Daniel in a letter published elsewhere today.

This well-known order has been making rapid strides during the past ten years. It has been spreading in all the states and growing in all directions. Its membership embraces the representative citizens of the communities wherever the order has founded a wigwam, and the meeting of the convention here will be a memorable event for Atlanta.

The order is strong in its social side, and our citizens will give the warriors of this friendly tribe such a greeting as will convince them that it is very close to the hunting ground to which all good Red Men expect to go.

They will be welcomed here right royally. The fires will be lit and everything arranged for the great Red Men.

The Anti-Option Bill.

The well-known cotton firm of Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York has prepared an elaborate arraignment of the anti-option bill, now pending in the senate, which it presents in a communication published elsewhere in this issue.

The bill is one of great importance to the south and those who are opposed to it will not object to reading the other side. It may throw some new light on it, or it may strengthen them in their position.

California comes to the front with a man who eats hay and grass. He should be hired to train some of the republican office holders who will be turned out to graze next March.

Cholera seems to be as deadly as the old original.

John L. Sullivan has written a book, and we do not believe that an author can compete with a straight-out pugilist like Corbett.

It is said that the contest in South Carolina was between the South Carolinians and the South Carolinians, and the South Carolinians won.

The war maps of Sullivan which the New York papers have been publishing are calculated to enlarge the sympathies of the public.

Chauvin Depew is so well pleased with the prince of Wales that he would be willing, with proper recommendation, to make Albert a traveling passenger agent of his road.

John Sherman knows that the lightning will never strike a red barn.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

A Portrait in a Grave.

Bright in the spot where his brave heart had dreamed.

Itself to dust, the faded portrait lay—

A woman's face that went with him day

Into the battle where the lightnings gleamed.

Smiling and sweet and beautiful it seemed—

That face, death-hidden in its frame of clay:

A soldier of the blue, or of the gray—

Over his dead heart still the dark hair

streamed!

Dimly remembered is the conflict done—

The



## DR. RYALS'S DEATH

Causes Great Sorrow in Macon, Where He Was Well Known.

SATURDAY IN THE CENTRAL CITY

A Story About the South Carolina Cam-paign Printed for the First Time. Personal Notes and Gossip.

Macon, Ga., September 3.—(Special)—Everybody in Macon was shocked this morning at the announcement of the death of the Rev. J. G. Ryals, D.D., which occurred last night at his home near Cartersville. Dr. Ryals was professor of theology in Mercer university and was a man universally beloved and admired. He was one of the best known members of the Baptist denomination in the state of Georgia and one to whom the people of his church looked up. Dr. Ryals was born in Montgomery county in 1824 and took the theological chair at the university in 1853. He leaves a wife, a daughter and two sons. The remains will be brought to Macon tonight and will be interred here tomorrow.

A Church Quarrel in Court.

One faction of the members of Bothell's Primitive Baptist church (colored) have brought suit before Judge Miller in chambers to determine which of two sections is entitled to the possession of the church property. The tribe had its original home in Bothell's Tabernacle, the church, the minister being expelled on account of his teaching the doctrine of eternal damnation and the origin thereof. Part of the members led by the moderator, one G. H. Collins, closed the doors of the church against the Rev. York Myrick, the offending minister, and since that time he has been seated in a grove in front of the church building. The other faction, the *thenehewonwomndi*, mhm mhammum court to decide seems to be which side holds the genuine doctrine of the Primitive church. Each faction charges the other with rank heresy.

A Carolina Fight.

The Evening News of today prints a story about an incident of the Carolina fight which has never come to light, but the truth of which The News seems satisfied. The story, as printed by The News is as follows:

"The scene was a South Carolina train running between two small towns in the Palmetto State and the actors are men of no less prominence than Governor Benjamin Tillman and Colonel Youmans, of the state of South Carolina.

"The party was on the train en route for a small town in Carolina during the recent lurid and memorable campaign, and each of the two exponents or champions of the two antagonistic factions was accompanied by a number of friends and supporters. Presently Youmans began to tell some facetious anecdote in which the application bore directly on Tillman, and the group gathered around him, laughed heartily at the anecdote and witty remarks of Youmans and seemed to enjoy hugely the manifest discomfiture of the Tillmanites who were moving uneasily in their seats, encouraged by the demonstrations of pleasure with which his friends received his remarks about the governor. Youmans received his attacks and retorted and into Tillman, riddling him with sarcasm of scathing severity. Tillman could stand it no longer, and just as Youmans had concluded a spicy anecdote, which was followed by a vociferous peal of laughter, he arose from his seat and with a quick movement was seated by Youmans' side. Almost as quick as a flash were both men up and before those sitting around realized the act, he had slapped Youmans a stinging blow on the mouth, causing the blood to flow. Youmans crimsoned with rage and sprang on Tillman with the ferocity of an uncaged animal, and before any of those sitting around could part them he had struck him twice. Affairs began to take an ugly turn when the two combatants were surrounded by a number of excited followers who seemed inclined at first to join the fray and make it a general all. Coaster heads, however, prevailed and the two men were separated. After some discussion it was decided by those on the train that it would not add to the dignity or honor of the Palmetto State to have the proceedings of the disgraceful exhibition published and all on the train gave their individual promise not to divulge a word of the fracas.

"The incident has been sealed a sealed volume until now when it is published exclusively by The Evening News, who secured its information from a source that is absolutely reliable and unimpeachable. The incident makes the most interesting chapter in the history of one of the most exciting campaigns of the south."

A Receiver Wasted.

A number of the foreign creditors of T. W. White, who were appointed to take charge of the assets in his possession, until now when it is published exclusively by The Evening News, who secured its information from a source that is absolutely reliable and unimpeachable. The incident makes the most interesting chapter in the history of one of the most exciting campaigns of the south."

Crowds Will Go from Macon.

The many friends of Rev. Dr. Ryals, professor of Mercer university, will be pained to learn that he is ill and very low at his daughter's home near Cartersville. There is little hope of his recovery, and he is not expected to live. Dr. Ryals graduated at Mercer in 1853, receiving the first honor in the class of twelve of which ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas, and other distinguished men were members.

All losses of good music in Atlanta will be glad to learn that Mr. J. P. O'Donnell has consented to give monthly organ recitals at the First Baptist church during the winter season. At these recitals Mr. O'Donnell will be assisted by the leading musicians of the city. He has decided to devote an evening to the composition of Mendelssohn, another to Beethoven, another to Gounod, another to Shubert and on the 21st of the month the great master is exhausted. A special feature of O'Donnell's plan is that he will devote different evenings exclusively to the production of American composers. Besides being an artist, Mr. O'Donnell is an enthusiast, and has arranged this attractive series of recitals purely to encourage and foster the spirit of appreciation for classic music in our community. The first of the recitals will be given on the 13th of this month.

HELD AT QUARANTINE

Solicitor Hill Sailed from Europe August 27th, but Can't Land.

He is Charley Hill, our own solicitor general?

Read the answer in the stars, or ask the man in the moon, because nobody else knows. He's most likely on the boing deep, however, where your Uncle Ben's quarantine proclamation will keep him for a season. And this is a most inopportune time for the clever solicitor to fail a victim to the quarantine regulations. Court opens Monday and he expected to be here on the 1st. It will, however, depend on the weather with which we are opposed and how the movement goes. We will have more definite ideas after we have conferred with General Weaver, who is coming here soon to make speeches."

Mr. J. W. Bowden is a recognized third party leader. In an interview today he said that some of his party wished to hold a convention while others were opposed to it. He would not specify as to names, saying that he thought it would not be wise to announce the leaders. "Do more positive work," said Mr. Bowden, "that there will be an electoral ticket put forward by the third party people. I do not now see any thing to prevent it. The present plan is to get one representative on the electoral ticket from each of the congressional districts."

"Is there any chance of Dr. Stokes being selected from the first district?"

"That is not probable, in view of his pronounced stand against the third party. The ticket will hardly be announced before the 1st of October. It will, however, depend on the weather with which we are opposed and how the movement goes. We will have more definite ideas after we have conferred with General Weaver, who is coming here soon to make speeches."

Colonel Jasper Tolbert is popularly supposed to be an out-and-out third party man, but today strenuously denied it. He said that The Cotton Plant was not a third party paper, and he did not know what would be done in regard to Managing Editor Bowden, in view of his having announced himself a Weaverite.

A Girl Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Cains, Ga., September 2.—(Special)—The little four-year-old daughter of L. O. Cains, who was bitten by a mad dog yesterday. She and other children were out playing. The little girl saw the dog and she grabbed her little brother up to save him. The dog chased them and bit the girl. This frightened the parents and a runner was sent to Dr. S. H. Freeman, who had cured a mad dog bitten by his dog. But the dog was recovered in the meantime and was applied to the wound. The stone stuck five hours before it let go. Up to this time the little girl is doing very well.

A Grand Rally Next Tuesday.

Carrollton, Ga., September 2.—(Special)—There will be a grand democratic rally at Carrollton next Tuesday the 9th. The young men's Democratic club of this county, which number two hundred, will have a grand reunion and Hon. Charles E. Carroll will be the speaker and probably other prominent speakers. Carroll's democracy is thoroughly aroused and the side leadership of Hon. S. E. G. Graw, chairman of the democratic executive committee, and Hon. W. A. Weston, president of the Young Men's Democratic Club, who will roll up \$2,000 for democracy.

And something substantial, too.

The Columbia Register was awarded the state printing for the next year.

It places the paper on a solid foundation.

## WHO ARE THEY?

Photographs Buried in a Fallen Soldier's Grave.

PROBABLY KILLED AT PEACHTREE CREEK

Reproductions from the Daguerreotype Originals Unearthed in the Construction of the G. C. and N. Belt Line.

The two pictures printed herewith tell a pathetic story.

As explained in the letter accompanying them, they are copies of the faces in an old daguerreotype found in an unmarked grave—the last resting place of one of the south's brave defenders, who is now classed a member of the great army of "unknown dead."

We speak of the cholera as but it is by no means so great a scare as it used to be.

It was brought into Europe and America with

in immigrant ships from Great Britain to Quebec in 1832 and spread quite an extensive epidemic, traveling the upper Mississippi, entering also the port of New York in the United States and again in 1848-49.

In 1856-57 there were epidemics in this country, but not to any great extent. In 1857, however, there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1860-61 there were

epidemics in this country, but not to any great

extent. In 1863 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1866-67 there were

epidemics in this country, but not to any great

extent. In 1868 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1869 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1873 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1875 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1877 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1878 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1880 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1882 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1884 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1886 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1888 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1890 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1892 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1894 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1896 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1898 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1899 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1900 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1901 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1902 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1903 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1904 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1906 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1907 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1908 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1909 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1910 there was a great

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vailed widely. In 1911 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1912 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1913 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1914 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1915 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1916 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1917 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1918 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1919 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1920 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1921 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

vailed widely. In 1922 there was a great

outbreak in New York by immigrant ships and pre-

## AUTUMN DAYS

Will Bring Atlantians Back to the City.

## WEDDINGS AND OTHER EVENTS,

Which Will Make Social Atlanta Decidedly Gay.

## WOMEN OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

More About the Dainty Creatures—Habits and Costumes of the People—News in Gossip of Atlanta Society.

"Tell me another tale," I feel like asking like a child when a really clever talker on travel begins to tell me about Japan. The tales all seem like the realization of fairy dreams, so entirely charming and unique are they. Of the Japanese woman Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn have told in language as soft as a bulbul's song; but nothing, I am sure, could perfectly describe these gentle-spirited, soft creatures.

If you, my pretty Caucasian maid, don't like these almond-eyed hours, be assured that they, from their point of view, are equally critical concerning your peculiarities of form and feature. They detect corsets, and think the civilized woman who wears them looks ugly and stiff and unnatural. The clear-cut definiteness of Caucasian features offends their ideas of art. They don't like obtrusive noses and prominent chins and eyes that are not slanting and oblong. Lafcadio Hearn's wife declares that such faces actually affright her, although love makes her peetic face adorable to her.

Every Japanese woman or girl, from the highest rank down to the middle class, is always attended by a maid when upon the street. This maid is constantly by her side, waits upon her and lives but to do bugs and flies. When the concoction was finished it was given to a sick Chinaman, who swallowed it with avidity. These Chinese doctors have despite their horrid ways, a method of treating cholera more successfully than any other yet discovered. They run instruments much like dull knifing needles through the sides of the stomach, thus affording relief to the inflammation. In this operation they spill no blood, this being one of their arts. Any Chinese or Japanese physician who spills blood while treating a patient is no longer allowed to follow his profession.

Although not more than one-third of the smart winter life has started to bestir itself concerning its raiment for the coming season, it is a noticeable fact that the shops have a livelier look and those women who did go a-buying last week expressed an interest and enthusiasm over things that they have not shown since the April openings. This interest is not surprising when one discovers the cause, for it seems to me that the fabrics this season both for indoor and outdoor wear are more novel and exquisite than they have ever been before. The changeable effects so sought after in winter silks are produced charmingly in wool fabrics, this being done by weaving the silk

patterns in on the wrong side of the goods. A lovely green cloth shows changeable figures in gold and tan and gray cloths reveal changeable pink tints in their folds. Wave lines in all fabrics are favorite effects and many of these lines are produced by contrasting uncut velvet on wool grounds. For the trimming of dressy wool frocks fine gold guimpes and passementeries are used; while the coats show linings and finishings of rich brocades in small figures like those used for vestings.

These brocades are, many of them, surprisingly sumptuous. One pattern in blue is wrought entirely in a brocade of daisies, these forming mottled gold discs about four inches apart. A superb brocade showing changeable lights of pale pink and green is wrought in moring glories, these showing distinctly over the pattern in a palm leaf design. The magnificence of this fabric is indescribable, and another superb silk in the same shades of pink and green is a hairy moiré antique, as full of light and color as a summer sunrise. Some charming new chinas are shown in white

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Mr. Soi C. Bloodworth, one of the rising business men of Savannah, was in Atlanta last week, and made many friends during his stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Adair and Miss Annie Adair have returned from a delightful trip west. Miss Annie Adair is now in Gainesville, with her sister, Mrs. Sallie Adair Venable.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chappell were in the city last week at the Kimball. Mr. Chappell is president of the Girls' Industrial college, at Milledgeville. He entered heart and soul into his work from the beginning, and the college, under his management, will doubtless obtain the highest standards. His pretty young wife is an unusually charming woman, a gifted artist and rarely refined, intellectual and sympathetic.

The parlor recital by Mrs. Frasher's election class on the 15th instant promises to be very entertaining. Music of a high order will vary the programme and some charming novelties in the recitation line will be given.

Judge and Mrs. T. J. Simmons have gone on a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Skiff of Athens, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Tom Hampton, have gone to Indian Springs for a while.

Miss Bertha Hallman has returned from a six weeks' sojourn at northern watering places.

Mr. Jackson, nee Miss Lola Small, is in Atlanta visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Small.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hill have returned from their wedding journey and are at home to their friends at their mansion on Peachtree. Mrs. Hill is a perfectly charming young matron and is sure to be greatly admired at all the social affairs she graces this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Orme have moved from Mr. Walter Taylor's home on Peachtree to the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Fitten and family on Capitol avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Taylor and their little daughter, Julia, will spend the winter with Mrs. James Freeman, on Peachtree. Mrs. Taylor is looking even lovelier than ever after her year in Paris. The gowns she wears are adorable creations of Parisian art and she grace with a chic distinctly her own.

Miss Dodee Troutman is visiting friends at Ringgold. She will also visit at Lookout mountain and Rome before her return to the city.

Misses Mamie and Lettie Bizzell, after several weeks' visits in Alabama, have returned to the city.

Judge and Mrs. W. H. Height returned on Friday's vestibule after spending six weeks traveling among the principal northern and eastern summer resorts.

Mr. H. B. Baylor, with his two children, Carrie and Harry, have returned to Atlanta from Virginia and is stopping at the Leeland house on Houston street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Frasher left last night for Gainesville to spend a few days with Mrs. F. G. Langston.

Miss Lula Bussey, of Double Branches, Ga., after a pleasant visit in Atlanta and to the regret of her many new friends, left last night for Gainesville, where she will spend a few weeks and then return home.

Miss Nonie Sturges, one of Augusta's accomplished young ladies, left last night for Gainesville after a pleasant stay of two weeks to the regret of her many friends in Atlanta.

Miss Pearl Woodall, a beautiful young lady of Fairburn, is visiting friends at 315 Edgewood avenue.

A delightful party was given Master Fred M. Scott in honor of his birthday, at his father's handsome home, on Peachtree. The invitations were from 8 to 9 o'clock yesterday.

The air is already wedge out with the odor of orange-blossom water that is to blossom blossoming during October and November.

All these approaching weddings are full of

breast of the other. They are now divorced and married to other people, and one can but think that these mementos of first love must be embarrassing and disagreeable.

Though Japan is a mild-mannered country its people have a little way of executing each other for offenses most mild in American eyes. The least little peccadillo will get a man half-karied. This operation is quick and simple. There are three judges to sit against the accused, and if his sentence is death, the executioner is immediately ready to sever head and body with his sharp steel; but if the doomed man will have the bravery to rip to pieces, his soul will gain the highest place in nirvana, since self-murder is considered the noblest of mortal deeds.

Chinese doctors are the most celebrated in this country, and they practice acts as uncanny as those of the witches in King Macbeth. An American traveler going into one of these Chinese shops where the old wizard was grinding his powder potion, he ground into this medicine a bit of snake skin, a cat's claw, a bat's wing and several

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## A GHASTLY VISITANT.

A Well Authenticated Story, Well Told.

### A ROMANCE OF THE THIRTIES.

That Has Left Its Impress Even to the Present—A Weird Story That Is Vouched For.

Nearly every city, town or village in our country that is old enough to have a history, has its haunted house and its story of ghostly visitants—secretes, uncanny sounds and sights, connected with some particular locality. To this rule, Florence, Ala., many of whose older residences and families date back to the days of Andrew Jackson, form no exception. Around several of the ivy-clad mansions of the old town hangs a mystery which make them objects of interest to the adventurous and of terror to the ignorant and superstitious negroes, ever prone to repeat full faith and credence in the supernatural.

Were it only upon the evidence of the ignorant and superstitious that the following facts hinge, they would be worthy of slight consideration. To the uneducated mind science can work marvels which, in an earlier and ruder era, would have sent their inventors to the stocks as witches. Had Edison lived in the days of the inquisitors, he would have risked the rock and thumbscrews for his reward, and Morse, Stephenson and Watts been martyrs to the cause of the world's progress. Humanity in every age has been eager to listen to the marvelous and to swallow the incredible upon very slight guarantee. However, it is upon no such slender testimony that our story rests. Its truth is vouched by men of approved veracity, good education and tried courage, high in the esteem of the community, and members of one of the learned professions.

Early in the history of the town, among the first attracted to the locality by the picturesque beauty of its location above the swift flowing Tennessee, was a North Carolinian, named Richard Hunter. Like one of the patriarchs of old, with his flocks and herds, his family, his men servants and his maid servants, he had left the old North State, and, "per varie causas, per totum discrimina rerum," crossing the rolling waves of the Blue Ridge and threading the rugged spurs of the Cumberland, fording the streams and scaling the heights, he had at last come here, exclaiming with the ancient warrior, "Alabama! Here we rest!" and here, fronting upon what is now one of the principal streets of the town, arose his residence. Wealth in those days was counted in the south by the acreage of plantations and by the number of slaves, male and female. Of the former, Richard Hunter had a large number of negroes, and of the latter, a small remnant. Around his great square brick house, with its massive pillars and wide-spreading porches, could be seen bright and happy black faces by the score, the cotton fields resounding to the hoarse songs of well-conditioned and swarthy field hands, while in the "quarters," not far off, piccaninnies and dogs abounded. It was a sight of peace, plenty and prosperity. Notwithstanding the fact that this section was the headquarters of the great Cherokee nation, all went well between the whites and Indians, neither interfering with nor molesting the other.

Richard Hunter had but one child, the sole heiress of his acres and his wealth, and she had just budded, under the warm glances of a southern sun, into womanhood, fresh and blooming as a wild rose. Tall and willowy, with the white grace peculiar to the women of the south, she was, nevertheless, in hair, eyes and coloring a type of her Scotch ancestors who, born amid the hills of the highlands, had been transplanted to a congenial home amid the mountains of western North Carolina.

She had been educated in all the ladylike accomplishments of the day under the watchful eye of a mother, who united to the love of literature, music and art that intimate knowledge of the mysteries of housekeeping then considered necessary to the mistress of a household. The idol of her father, she had been his comrade and the companion of his sports, until she could back a half-bred colt, paddle a proune or bring down a partridge with the same ease that our modern belle carries her fan through a crowded room.

Alice Hunter was in that period of life where the present is so bright that its glow reaches out and dominates the future. Wealth, doting parents, great promise, of every wish were hers, but, above all, she had won the love of the man of her choice and was happiest in the knowledge that Philip Marston's dearest hope and highest aspiration centered in herself. "Philip" Marston, as he was known to every one, or "Marso" for the negroes called him, was young, handsome, free-handed, free-hearted, a gentleman, joined to his own. Nevertheless, Alice was only seventeen, and so the wedding day was postponed until the following year.

Suddenly, in 1852, the Cherokee war broke out. Philip Marston, raising a company of riflemen from among the hardy yeomanry of the section and joined the command of his friend and neighbor, General Coffey. Through the sharp and decisive campaign that followed, Marston bore a part conspicuous for gallantry, until the final battle on the banks of the Coosa. Hemmed in upon a peninsula bounded all but a narrow neck of land by swollen waters of the river, the chief and bravest warriors of the Cherokees made their last and desperate stand. Leading his riflemen to a charge, Philip Marston fell, mortally wounded.

Bad news came quickly. It was on a night of furious wind and rain that a hunting shirted rider, brought the tidings of Philip Marston's death to the Hunter manse. The black-bowing ancient oaks and the drooping magnolias came down in slanting sheets. Suddenly, a bright bronze knocker on the door pealed out from underneath Alice, thinking that none but a lover would have the tempest and the darkness flew to greet him. In silence and with bowed head, the hardy pioneer pointed to the riderless steed which he led and extended to her a scrap of paper on which her dying lover had traced a few words of farewell.

"Home they brought her warrior, dead. She did not weep, nor uttered cry."

Fair, calm, tearless, the ghost of herself, she watched the ride, but lowing mourners hear him to a chamber where she lay him as it slept, upon a couch. It was the sleep of death from which kisses on the cold lips or warm caresses on the pallid brow could not awaken him. Day by day, she faded like a lily that is denied moisture and, within a few short weeks, her spirit fled to him in another world.

Since then, the Hunter house has had many owners, but, every year, on the anniversary of that sad night in 1852, the stroke of a horse's hoofs can be heard without, the old knocker clangs, footstep sound upon the stairs, and the occupants of the south room, the same in which Philip Marston's body lay, receive a ghostly visitant. Such being the case, few care to occupy that apartment during the latter part of June. The last authenticated instance of anything being seen there, was told to me.

Two years ago, the house was owned and occupied by a family named Thimedes, some of the members of which was a nephew named William Black, a young and rising member of the bar. Early in the summer of 1852, the Thimedes went on their annual pilgrimage to one of the Virginia watering places, leaving the young Black to occupy and care for the house in their absence. He was the sole inmate, as, according to southern custom, the servants lived in a separate building and indeed, it would have been difficult to have caused any "darky" to spend a night there, as at any time, several days had gone by without visitors until the night of June 25, Black had started to go to bed, and

## HIGHER EDUCATION.

### Atlanta's Girls and Their Splendid Opportunity.

#### AT CAPITOL FEMALE COLLEGE.

Miss Leonora Beck and the Great Success of Her Institution—A Few Points That May Interest You.

Miss Leonora Beck, the principal of Capital Female College, is often asked throughout this state and also while at the north and west how Atlanta regards her efforts towards the higher and broader education of young ladies. Her answer is that Atlanta takes hold of this as she does all other excellent measures—that is, with cordial good will and hearty co-operation.

And yet there are thousands of intelligent men and thoughtful, earnest women within our city who are still unacquainted with the wonders of this modern school.

It is the wish of the old knocker upon the hall door, the noises ceased as quickly as they had begun, and all was silence.

Jones and Black were brave enough, and would have faced the devil and all his impes in broad daylight, but this was more than they had bargained for. The noise had been startling, but the silence that followed it was so intense that it was almost palpable. Then "tap," "tap," "tap," "tap," came the unmistakable sound of footsteps upon the stairs, slowly and wearily mounting. They ceased for a second or two upon the landing outside the door swung noiselessly open, and a figure clearly seen in the moonlight entered and crossed the room. Both men, lying on the bed, saw it plainly and afterwards described it as that of a young and beautiful girl, tall and slender, with golden curly hair framed around a face of marble purity, wide open blue eyes, and clothed from head to foot in flowing white, with a single white rosebud resting above the ear. Advancing slowly to one of the windows, the figure stood a moment with clasped hands, looking out over the land, and then, with the full glow of the moonlight upon its upturned features; then it turned, approached the side of the bed where Jones lay, stopped and placed a hand, cold as death itself, upon his forehead. Up to that moment, he and Black had been too frightened to move or speak, but when that icy hand was laid upon him, the spell was broken. Human nature could endure no longer, and with yet both men trembling, the girl stepped down the hall door got outside, neither of them could ever tell, but when they came to themselves sufficiently to take in the situation, they were making record time, clad only in their nightclothes, towards Jones's office. They did not go back to the Hunter house that night; in fact, it was some days before they could summon nerve enough to go, in daylight, and get them.

Since then, the night of the 25th of June in each year finds that room unoccupied. Singularly enough, the noises described are never heard elsewhere through the house, but if anybody is earne in a search for a new sensation, the fact that this section was the headquarters of the great Cherokee nation, all went well between the whites and Indians, neither interfering with nor molesting the other.

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T. R. GORDON.

A Atlanta Environs by Thriving Suburbs.

No city in the union is encircled by more, better and more promising suburbs than Atlanta, linked to her by the best electric car lines, sources of growing support, and furnishing cheap and convenient homes and health and comfort for laborers and business men and families.

Among these suburban places, with thousands of citizens and fine homes, are: West End, beautiful Inman Park of 140 acres, East Lake, of over three hundred acres, with its forty-acre lake, Peters Park, 200 acres, McPherson Park, with the barracks; Edgewood, and its elegant home and fine citizenship; Kildarewood, a quiet suburb and a host of other suburbs and germs of suburbs, developed and developing, and making an exquisite fringe of attractive suburban environment for the fortunate citizen.

None of these picturesque places have greater attractiveness and finer promise than that of the East Lake Land Company, four and one-half miles from Atlanta, on the right of the Georgia railroad, looking out upon the city.

The captivating suburb of 300 acres was once the beautiful and hospitable woodland home place of that romantic character, Colonel Robert A. Alston, who fulfilled the dramatic function of his fatal blood by his own hands. The old man had his nobly cottage, toothsome fruit orchards and fruitful fishponds, with all the luxuriant features of a southern gentleman's rural residence. The fields were well tilled and the place generously kept in the lavish liberality of the princely owner.

In the department of modern languages, the Berlin school, with Collonge at its head, is connected with the college. In the teaching of history and literature this school has already made a reputation so enviable that it may be judged that only these benches are truly here to stay. There are eight years' course in history, which all students are required to take, literature being taught always in connection with it. This historical curriculum begins, of course, with United States history, extends through a complete course of English and French, Greek and Roman, broadsides out into universal and bounds off with a parliamentary and philosophical course.

It signifies much to the thoughtful mind that nine-tenths of the pupils here are taking the full course, very few omitting even Greek, without which the A. M. degree cannot be conferred.

Now all this is not merely catalogue work, but actual schoolroom accomplishment. Most of the scholarly men and women in the city and many from a distance have visited the college during recitation and lectures, and are cordially welcomed.

They find themselves numbered and delighted to hear Thucydides, Homer and Euripides rendered into graceful and ready English by mere girls, who have never seen a translation in their lives, and are often required to do sight reading from these authors. Or perhaps the learned or the blackboards in the mathematical, oratory, or the blackboards in the natural history, or the blackboards in the distinguished teacher's course.

The country farm in the East Lake suburb which is rapidly blooming into fame and beauty. It takes its name from the conversion of a circular and symmetrical depression environed by wooded eminences into a superb lake of fresh, limpid, crystal water, furnished by delightful springs, rippling merrily to every breeze, sparkling in the sun, and renewing itself in its unceasing flow off. The lake is a study of engineering skill and a marvel of landscape audacity. A broad, high bank encircles the water, around which the pedestrian can walk, and outside a wide level drive affords a charming roadway for carriages.

There is a commodious house for bathers there, all the conveniences for using the lake as a bathing place, and in the afternoons the water is filled with the delighted of both sexes, who seek its delicious comfort and recreation. There are rowboats and a little steam yacht in which visitors can ride, and refreshments can be obtained.

Over four hundred lots have been sold to people who will many of them build upon the pretty heights around summer cottages. A commanding eminence in a convenient and beautiful spot has been selected for the fine, modern hotel that is to be erected for gurus and splendidly kept.

There is a valuable mineral spring on the grounds of invalids.

The lake and grounds are to be thoroughly illuminated with electric lights and an electric railroad is to be immediately constructed from Atlanta to the lake. It is already connected by a dummy and car line. The electric cars will give the swiftest and smoothest transportation.

East Lake is destined to become one of the ideal suburbs of the whole south.

The lake is to be the home of the Atlanta Opera House.

Monday and Tuesday, September 5th and 6th.

Matinee, Tuesday, 2:30.

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Tuesday | Romeo and Juliet.

Tuesday Night | The Duke's Wife,

A TALE OF MANTUA,

By James Sheridan Knowles,

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No increase of prices.

Thursday, Sept. 8, Matinee and Night.

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A best of new Specialties, Comedies, Vocalists

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By Special Desire, "Gathering of the Glean."

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A Splendid Production of James Gorman's Opera, "The Golden Ball."

All Comedy, Costumes and Properties Absolutely New.

Prices—50c, 75c, 10c and \$1. Seats in advance at Miller's.

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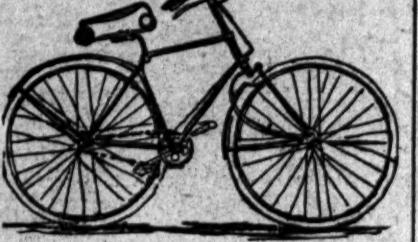
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## NOTICE.

The mercantile firm of West Bros. has this day dissolved by mutual consent. All parties indebted to us must come forward and make immediate payment.

Mr. J. C. West will do business at the old stand and we solicit for him the patronage extended the old firm. Thanking the public we are your truly,

WEST BROS.

September 3, 1892.

WEST BROS.